

Christian Herald

JULY • 1954



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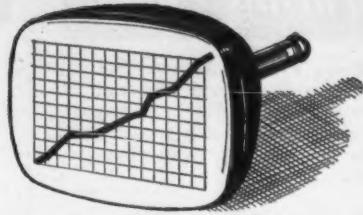
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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Few people realize how rapidly America's economy is growing



Anyone who spreads fears that we may be facing another major depression ignores completely how much America has changed since the 1930's.

Industrial research and development have broadened the base of our entire economy and, even more important, have laid the groundwork for a steadily increasing expansion in the years to come.

Here are just two examples of what has happened.

The first electric refrigerator with a sealed-in mechanism was introduced by General Electric in 1926, and its production in that year required only a few hundred people. Today, refrigerators and freezers make up a billion-dollar business which employs more than 100,000 men and women in manufacturing, plus additional thousands in retailing and distribution. The freezer itself has made possible another whole new industry, frozen foods.

In 1939, most of us knew electronics only as tubes in our radio, and the entire industry sold 230 million dollars' worth of equipment. Electronics is now a 4½-billion-dollar business, and some experts predict it will grow to 20 billions in the 1960's. General Electric, just one producer, now has electronic-equipment factories in 13 different parts of the country and has stepped up its payroll in this field to 27,000 in just 15 years.

This trend of expansion is not slowing down. It's rapidly accelerating.

Many exciting new industries are predictable as we learn how to make full use of atomic energy. Another important new field will be electronic machinery that will make work easier, production swifter. Our scientists are experimenting with metal crystals 50 times stronger than any metals we now know. New home appliances are on the way. More uses for the gas turbine are coming out of jet-engine experiments.

These are only a few of the things General Electric is interested in, and other companies, of course, are hard at work on equally promising projects.

Our belief in a long-term period of industrial growth is not wishful speculation. It's being backed by the greatest building program America has ever seen. Last year, the nation's industries spent 28 billion, 400 million dollars for new plant and equipment; this year, they will spend only slightly less. Our own investment since 1946 has already reached more than a billion dollars. In 1954, a record 175 million dollars will be invested in new plant facilities by G.E., 24% more than last year.

This is the kind of confidence we have in the country's future.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

All in the Family

Should the cover make you exclaim, "Now why can't we have that kind of float in one of our parades?" turn to page 52 for a number of perfectly good reasons why you can, complete with diagrams, information, ideas.

Besides being the home of Bernice O. Erickson (*Gramp and the Garden Club*, p. 21), northern Wisconsin and specifically Hayward is the home of some of the fightingest, tastiest fish ever to strike at a hook. Matter of fact, Hayward boasts the title,



"Musky Capital of the World." When not fishing or enticing other folks to do so, Mrs. Erickson teaches commercial subjects in high school and writes short stories. The rest of the photographed foursome: son Bill and cat Tuffy, the latter unabashed by a fish even this size.

When a mechanical engineer and technical author applies his attention to everyday religion, you get something like *How Efficient Is Your Faith?* (p. 28). No one knows better than William Schaphorst that charts cannot accurately measure spiritual fervor, but it's enlightening—and a bit startling—to try it. Slide-rule operator Schaphorst is the father of a 24-year-old son, son of a 94-year-old mother. His father lived to be 99.

Though Ruth M. Soule (*Small Boy*, p. 27) disparages her uncomplicated approach to life, it strikes us as being basically profound: "I am one of those simple souls who persist in seeing that life is good and in recognizing myself as responsible when it does not seem so." She has been writing since the three children—two girls and a boy—were "up a bit." Her greatest weaknesses: "little people and animals."

Next! In August, don't miss *There Are Good Comic Books, Too!*—a fact that could be lost in the needed current campaign. And the thrilling, backbone-building story by a courageous husband and wife not even cancer could conquer. Plus loved writers Margaret Widdemer, Margaret Lee Runbeck, Delbert Lean. Plus many pages of useful information and inspiration on church building and equipping, topped by *The Chapel Henry Ford Built*, *Room to Pray In*, and *Church with a Built-in Apartment*.

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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JULY, 1954

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VOLUME 77 NUMBER 7



This little child
is still hoping



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is at Mont Lawn

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- Don't leave an empty cot—because someone forgot a gift for little children
- **OPEN YOUR HEART—AND YOUR PURSE—NOW—BEFORE YOU FORGET!**

For more about Mont Lawn see page 32

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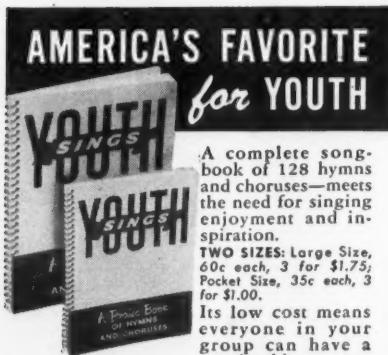
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Editor's Note: Encouraged, perhaps, by my short editorial in which I referred to \$40 received from one who, with a burdened conscience, sent the money to be used for any worthy cause, someone has sent another note which reads as follows: "Enclosed find \$40 debt I owed and neglected to pay. Family all gone. Wish to make amends. Send you the money to be used in Christian work. Pray that I may be forgiven." I have prayed and I am sure that the prayer was answered even before I prayed. The one sending this money has done works meet for repentance and forgiveness.

I am placing this \$40 to the credit of the Bowery Mission.

Later: Two valuable diamond rings have just been received (anonymously) with the request that they be sold and the proceeds placed to the credit of our orphans in Korea.

The Unforgivable Sin

• Please tell me, for I am poignantly concerned—what is the unforgivable sin? Sometimes I live in terror lest I have committed it.

OREGON

(MRS.) K. S. A.

Don't worry, you haven't. There is only one unforgivable sin—the sin of completely and finally refusing to accept Jesus Christ as Redeemer and Lord. The concern of this reader makes abundantly clear the fact that she isn't guilty of this!

Methods of Tithing

• What is your opinion as to the method of tithing on a farm?

IOWA

(MRS.) D. B.

I think the proper action to take in the matter of tithing when a business is involved, is to tithe the net income after the net cost of business or the farm costs have been deducted. When the income is from salary or similar sources, it is then taken from the total. I tithe my salary income.

"Wars and Rumors of Wars"

• I have heard with downright grief good people say, "Well, the Bible states there will be wars and rumors of wars, and if we believe the Bible, we might just as well accept the fact and let it

go at that." What do you think of that? Are Christians, followers of the One who came as the Prince of Peace, ever justified in taking this negative attitude?

OHIO

(MRS.) H. C. M.

It is my conviction that Christians are never justified in taking this negative attitude. We should identify ourselves with constructive, dynamic peace programs—particularly those sponsored and led by our own churches.

Critical "Christian"

• A former member of our church, who withdrew, constantly attacks our pastor and condemns our congregation. She calls us "unsaved." Do you think that this action, even from one who insists that she is a much better Christian than the rest of us, is Christian?

PENNSYLVANIA

A. R.

The question answers itself. "Judge not that ye be not judged," is a text that seems to have escaped the one described above.

Reading Matter Needed?

• Can you give me the address of a worthy organization to which I might send valuable reading matter?

KANSAS

(MRS.) S. N.

I know that the New York Port Society (Chaplain Harold E. Mayo, Superintendent, 166-168 Eleventh Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.) will be happy to receive the literature that you describe. The activities of this organization are most worthy.

References to Virgin Birth

• In the September CHRISTIAN HERALD, a Vermont correspondent questioned the Virgin Birth of Jesus. Would you be willing to print the following references?

NEW YORK

H. H. R.

And thank you to our correspondent for these references:

Christ not the son of Joseph: Isa. 7:14; Matt. 1:18, 25; Luke 1:34, 35. Also read the following scriptural passages: John 1:14; Acts 2:30; Romans 1:3; Romans 8:3; Phil. 2:7; Heb. 2:14;

I John 4:2; II John 7; and I Timothy 3:16, and the following verses carefully: I John 4:2 and I Peter 1:18, 19.

Church Soloists

• Recently my husband resigned from our church to take a position in another church of the same denomination. Though the church does pay its soloists, it was rather for the opportunity to develop his voice that he made his change. We still remain as members of our old church. Should he be criticized for doing this?

PENNSYLVANIA

(MRS.) N. S.

No. Preachers frequently change pulpits. Of course, justly or unjustly, they, too, may be criticized!

Marriage of the Elderly

• Do you know of any scripture that specifically supports the marriage of persons 60, 70 or 80 years old?

TEXAS

J. E. C.

While I know of no scripture that specifically supports such marriages, I know of no scripture that condemns them. Also I do know of very happy marriages in these upper age brackets. One case, which I grant you is extreme, involved the marriage of a religious leader, 89 years old, to a very gracious lady in her 79th year. They are having a happy companionship.

Earth's Creation

• The Bible says that God created the earth. Now we learn that our solar system was formed by an explosion. Just what did God do and how?

PENNSYLVANIA

MISS M.E.

I am not concerned about the particulars of creation. For me the whole matter is summed up in the first four words of Genesis: "In the beginning God. . . ."

Largest Church

• In the world, which one of the Protestant churches has the largest membership? Which is second in number?

VIRGINIA

W. H. C.

The Lutherans have the largest membership; second, Presbyterian and Reformed.

Prayer for Our Dead

• Do you believe in prayers for the dead?

MARYLAND

(MRS.) F. B.

I do not believe that our loved ones who have gone on ahead need our prayers to assist them in their blessed relationships, but I do know that there is comfort for us in remembering them when we pray. This I do constantly. It helps bring me close to them. I never think of them as dead.

What Joy to know



Your Financial Security

Brings Spiritual Help

to them!



Perhaps you too have often asked yourself, what can I do for our boys in military camps, in hospitals, in foreign service, on the high seas—for refugees, prisoners and other spiritually needy?

One answer is to support the work of the American Bible Society, which is dedicated to the translation of the Holy Scriptures in all dialects and languages, and to their world-wide distribution *without note or comment*, wherever they are needed, in cooperation with all denominations.

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Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-12 entitled "A Gift That Lives."

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What's the Difference?

By DELBERT LEAN

MY friend, Grant, was a farmer. One night, last summer, he was awakened by someone pounding on his front door. It was one o'clock. He called from his upstairs window to find out what was wanted. A traveler was in trouble. A heavy rain had made the highway slippery and this stranger's automobile had gone off the road and into the ditch. Without help the driver could not get the car back on the road.

My friend awakened his son and the three of them went to the scene of the accident, nearby. After inspecting the situation, they decided to hitch up the team of horses. That seemed to be the only sure way of getting the car out of the ditch. This was done and, after some miscalculations and considerable difficulty, the horses pulled the car back onto the road.

During one breathing spell, the stranger said to the son, "Your father goes to church, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does," was the puzzled reply of the boy, and then he added, "What made you think that?"

"Well," responded the grateful stranger, "a lot of things." Then he continued. "He treats his horses gently. He didn't pull and haul on the lines. He didn't shout and get excited. He didn't take it out on the horses because he had to get up in the middle of the night. He didn't swear when the rope broke. In fact, although this is a disagreeable and poor time to be out, and I am sorry that I had to call on you, it has been a real pleasure to have met you and your father. I felt quite sure that your father was a churchman."

Putting his hand upon the boy's

shoulder, he added, "You know, young man, it makes a difference." And then the stranger drove off.

At breakfast table the next morning, the son told the family about the observations of their midnight caller. They all had a good laugh at my friend and he enjoyed the story as well as the family.

Grant is a real churchman. He not only goes to church, but for eighteen years he had been the superintendent of the Sunday school in the little country congregation. He's one of the church's staunch pillars. If something needs to be done, the minister always knows that he can count on Grant. He is dependable and always in his place on Sunday morning.

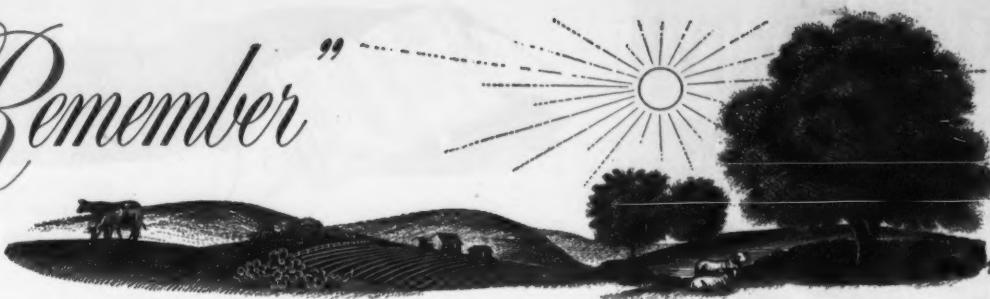
The whole community knows that in all his work and dealings, his "going to church" is reflected in what he does and says. If he sells an animal or any produce of the farm, he tells the truth about it. If he promises anything, he lives up to his word. As the neighbors say, "His word was as good as his bond."

PEOPLE like Grant make it worth living in this old world.

I was much interested in talking with a lady who was thinking of building a summer cottage. She and her husband were close friends of ours. For some time, they had been quite undecided. Scarcity of materials, labor costs, and the like had made them hesitate. One morning she said to me with great enthusiasm, "We have, at last, settled on the builder for our house. We are both

(Continued on page 49)

"I Remember"



Edited by KENNETH L. WILSON

ON other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good. We may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But today we are Americans all; nothing but Americans.

—DANIEL WEBSTER, July 4, 1851.

And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold!
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while, in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And, when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(from *Snowbound*)



I wiped a tear from off my brother's face,
And suddenly God spoke, and gently smiled,
"Thank you, my child.
Some day I'll wipe the tears from every face.
Till then, you take my place."
Now since that day, these hands of mine are His,
Who formed the world, the stars, and all that is,
My hands, so frail and weak, O wonder grand!
Are deputy for God's almighty hand.

Annie A. Zeidman

From Miss M. H. Whiteley, Huddersfield,
Yorkshire, England.

Baby darling, baby dear;
Let me now rejoice.
Heaven came and took me in
When I heard your voice.

Thru the valley dark and drear
I have gone, 'tis true,
Yet the way I'll go again
Willingly for you.

We are weary, heart of mine,
Shadows fall above us,
Let us rest in the care
Of the ones who love us.

Gone the weary waiting hours,
Shadows closer creep.
Peace, sweet peace has come at last,
Dear one, let us sleep.

—GLADYS DERR BRILL
From Mrs. C. W. Gilliard, Fostoria, Ohio



THE GLORY of America is
not in its tall towers nor vast
acres. The glory of America is
the American citizen, free, sov-
ereign and unafraid. We do well
to thank God for that.—LYNN
LANDRUM.

AS a work of art, I know few
things more pleasing to the
eye, or more capable of afford-
ing scope and gratification to a
taste for the beautiful, than a
well - situated, well - cultivated
farm. —EDWARD EVERETT

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Henry W. Longfellow



Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy nor love nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help nor pain;
And we are here on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original material used.

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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, July 4

JESUS, OUR EXAMPLE

LUKE 2:40-52

OTHER great religious teachers commended their precepts to their disciples. Jesus commended Himself. He personalized His teaching. He not only told us how to live, He showed us how to live. He lived His teaching through every age, from babyhood to manhood, sanctifying each period of life. His was the perfect record of growth.

Luke was so impressed with all he had heard about Jesus' boyhood that he used two verses to describe it. Luke 2:40: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him." Grace, of course, means favor. The words "in spirit" are not found in most manuscripts and were probably added by some copyist. The entire verse describes the growth of a normal boy, physically, mentally and spiritually. Luke 2:52 is our memory selection: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." This repeats the tribute of the former verse, placing wisdom first. Perhaps this was due to the story of Jesus and the Temple rabbis, which precedes this verse. There the wisdom of Jesus had amazed the learned men. "Stature" might be translated "years." Again it is a picture of growth in mind, body and soul. Jesus' spiritual growth, His perfect communion with His Father-God, did not separate Him from His family and friends. He was popular in the best sense of the word. He knew no spiritual pride to lead Him to despise others.

His visit to the Temple is the only scene we have from the boyhood of Jesus. Interpreters of this incident have been inclined to place a supernatural aura about it. Many great artists have pictured Jesus as though He was claiming wisdom to the amazed rabbis. But it has seemed to me that the "wisdom" of Jesus consisted then of the clean, clear questions an ordinary boy would ask. He was so sincere, so honest that He could have little patience with the usual discussions of the rabbis. He would want to know more about God's love, more about the na-

ture of God's dealing with mankind, than about speculations on the minute meanings of Mosaic laws.

Jesus grew under the guidance and care of His parents. We may be sure He was a healthy lad. His food was simple and wholesome. He certainly would be given chores to do about the home and carpenter shop. As soon as He was old enough He would learn the use of His father's tools.

For Jesus' education there was a school at the synagogue. But His first lessons would come from His mother. Did you ever note how often Jesus quoted Scriptures? Beyond direct quotations are many references to Old Testament incidents and many of His greatest sayings reflect His knowledge of Scriptures. Certainly He stored in the treasure-house of His memory something far better than today's comics and wild-west stories.

Spiritually Jesus fed upon nourishing food. Beyond His first-hand knowledge of Scriptures was His practice of worship. He did not begin to pray after He was thirty when He was facing the emergencies of His ministry. He did not "say prayers" but prayed them. God was real to Him. In all His daily living He realized the loving, understanding Presence. With Jesus the fatherhood of God was not a theory but a fact attested to by experience. So He came to understand God more fully each day and to realize the mission of His own life.

All this in no sense displaces the deity which was in Jesus. When He "became flesh, and dwelt among us" He accepted the limitations of man. Just as He grew from babyhood to manhood physically, so, I believe, He grew in mind and soul. To this degree He is the pattern for us. It is not enough to be born in Christ; we must also grow in Christ. The tragedy of many Christians is that they are not growing in grace.

Questions:

To what extent can parents shift responsibility to the church for the religious training of their children? A mother, chiding her son, said, "You know that Jesus would not do that when He was a boy." Her son replied, "Yes, but Jesus was God." How would you have replied to such a remark? If Jesus is our

example and we cannot live perfectly His way of life, what is our hope? Did Jesus live as He did just for an example? Or did He find a constant inflowing of strength and wisdom from His communing with God?

• Sunday, July 11

ARE WE GROWING AS CHRISTIANS?

I CORINTHIANS 3:1-3; EPHESIANS 4:11-16;
II PETER 1:5-8; 3:18

ARE we growing as Christians?" This is a question that follows naturally last Sunday's lesson. The growth of Jesus, physically, mentally and spiritually, is both pattern and power for our growth. As Christians we have professed a saving faith in Christ. Can we have such a faith and not grow?

Perhaps we have had an inadequate definition of faith. Do we think of faith as "the faith"? Have we identified faith with a statement, a creed? It is good to be able to state our faith in clear language, but it is not good to think of faith as something neatly packaged, accepted once and for all, intellectually accepted but apart from everyday life.

Faith is alive, powerful, moving. Unless it grows, it is dead or dying. To accept Christ as true, means growing knowledge of Him, growing understanding of His way of salvation, growing dependence on Him, growing likeness to Him.

From the analogy of nature, growth takes three directions; downward, upward and outward. Apply this test to your life in Christ.

I have been told that in a normal tree there is as much below ground as above. This is hard to believe when we see a great tree, its branches towering in the sky and shading great areas. In my back yard there is a large maple. Some ten years ago I decided to break up the sod in a far corner of the yard for a small garden. What a tussle I had with the roots of that tree, far from the trunk and well beyond the area of shade. The moisture and chemicals needed for growth are down in the soil. To weather the storms and winds a tree needs strong, spreading roots. So it is with a Christian.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." Faith and love are very personal. They represent our response to God's grace in Christ. We need to send our roots deep down in the Word. Growing knowledge of Bible truth should be taken for granted. Growing knowledge of God's grace means that at forty we are more intelligent and consecrated Christians than at twelve. Prayer should be more productive, more satisfying. God should be a more vital experience each day.

However important a tree's root
(Continued on page 50)

Take Annette to your heart



REPORT from SCF Field Representative, Hamburg, Germany:

"Annette has been ill for six weeks with pneumonia. She is very weak and can hardly walk. . . . She is a sweet, quiet little girl. She loved to play with dolls, but all her toys had to be left behind in the Soviet zone when her family was forced to flee from the Communist regime.

"Annette lives with her parents and a little sister in a refugee camp where three or four families share a single room. Their only possessions are the clothes they wear. Can't you find some kindly American who would sponsor Annette so that she can have a new pair of shoes, a sweater, blankets and, perhaps, a doll?"

Help us answer this report from our field representative. Help a child who needs your love and care NOW.

\$8 a month for a year would sponsor a child like Annette from Western Germany, Finland, France, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Austria or Lebanon. It would assure "your" little boy or girl enough clothing, school supplies and other essentials, delivered in your name.

The **SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION**, with 22 years of experience, does all the shopping, packaging and shipping for you. Full information about the child you sponsor, including a case history, address and a photograph will be sent to you.

SCF National Sponsors include:

Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie,
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Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Mark W. Clark.



SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION Carnegie Endowment International Center United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

• I would like to sponsor a child in _____ (country). I will pay \$96.00 for one year (or \$8.00 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year the first month Please send me the child's name, picture, story and address.

• I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by sending a gift of \$_____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

GABRIEL COURIER interprets THE NEWS

• AT HOME •

SPOILING THE ROD: Mama wags an earnest finger and says, "Bobby, if you do that again, Daddy will spank!" But if Daddy simultaneously gives Bobby a sly wink, Mama might as well put that particular piece of finger-wagging in mothballs. Mama's intent was not to make trouble, but to make peace. She wasn't trying to find an excuse for spanking; she was trying to make spanking unnecessary. And *now* what will Bobby do? Any parent knows.

"Mama" is John Foster Dulles, "Daddy" the citizenry of the U.S. and a few other nations. He talked loud and we carried a little stick. It didn't work. Wherein did Mr. Dulles make his mistake, if mistake it was and his it was? He overestimated the readiness of the American people to become involved in another "little" war. He overestimated the readiness of our allies to play follow-the-leader. Mr. Dulles doesn't want war any more than does Mr. Churchill. But he believed the way to get peace was with a frown, not with a wink. Not only were Britain and France unwilling to frown, but so was the rank and file of America itself. This is not to say that an unsparing rod is the only or even the best reprisal. It is to say that when dire threats are not carried out they cease for the moment to be dire.

That's the big story of Geneva. It proved two things. Unilateralism is as dead in this compact new world as the dodo. And the voice of the people, right or wrong, is still the most potent power in these United States.

McCarthy: The *worst* that can be said for the hearing is not that it made an overstuffed mountain, so far as headlines were concerned, out of a molehill; but that it made a molehill out of a genuine and hazardous mountain. While scores of government leaders fiddled before television cameras, the Far East burned. More attention was focused upon an American private fighting for special privilege than upon a General in Dienbienphu fighting for his life. While the free world trembled in the Geneva balance, heads were turned the other way—toward a packed room in Washington where men exchanged epithets. When Indo-China

was in danger of being cut in two parts, free and slave, attention was centered upon whether somebody's photograph had been cut in two parts.

The *best* that can be said for the hearings is that everyone and for himself was seeing his hearsay-labeled heroes and villains close up and in action. There they were, stripped of protective or denunciatory bias. That the public was busying itself with label-changing was clear. To what final count and to what avail, who can say?

THE CORPORAL: There are bound to be differences of opinion about the guilt of Corporal Edward S. Dickenson, the mountain boy from Cracker's Neck, Va., who went over to the Reds in Korea and then changed his mind. His sentence: ten years at hard labor and dishonorable discharge. The conviction will be reviewed by the Army Judge Advocate General's Office. It may be appealed after that to the Military Court of Appeals. Corporal Dickenson will get the benefit of all the processes of military law—the conviction may or may not be upheld.

It's neither proper nor intelligent for those of us who have no access to evidence to judge the judges. It is proper that we take a passing look at the philosophy that the consequences of guilt may be expunged by an apology. A fast, "Excuse it!" doesn't pick up the bag of spilled potatoes you knock from a passerby's arm. The more sincere apology is a prompt bending of the back and a retrieving of the scattered potatoes. Honest repentance accepts

the penalty, and goes on from there.

Of course, if the Corporal was wooed and won back from the enemy with the promise of blanket pardon for any and all past sins, that's another matter, and it's a promise that should never be made again. All we have the right to tell any wavering repatriate is this: "Come back certain that you are not prejudged either guilty or innocent."

BINGO: It's now legal, for charitable and civic welfare purposes, in 543 of New Jersey's 566 municipalities. This reporter doesn't see how you can figure bingo, for any purpose whatsoever, as anything but gambling. But we're in favor, every time, of local option in this democracy of ours, whether it means win, lose or draw. The New York papers played up the story and at least one of them gave it a front page spot the following day. Seemed there was a terrific rush to have the "honor" of running off the first game. Who won? With nice timing, the DeMonte Vergine Roman Catholic Church in Garfield. At their game, 829 women and twenty-one men quickly filled the 850 available chairs, putting up \$1 each for the first card, 50 cents for each additional card. The church "bank" paid out \$900 to winners that night and cleared \$2,000. The profit went toward paying off a \$500,000 debt incurred in the building of a new rectory, convent, recreation center—where the game was played—and school building.

Too much to hope for, it would seem, that churches, and especially churches, get out of the gambling business. But it was a modest enough wish—though equally naive, it developed—that at least some other organization than a church might frantically capture first place in the rush to set up shop.

GALL: Not all is lost, even (!) in New Jersey. J. Parnell Thomas *won't* be the Republican candidate for Congressman from the 7th District. He's the gentleman, you will remember, who spent time in a Federal prison for payroll



IVAN BENNETT:
Retired chief of Army chaplains Ivan L. Bennett (second, left) was guest of honor at Washington reception given by General Commission on Chaplains. With Chaplain Bennett and Commission heads is Chaplain Patrick J. Ryan (right), his successor.

RNS PHOTO

CHRISTIAN HERALD

padding during his previous stay in Congress. His campaign platform: he was "1000 per cent" for McCarthy. That he was batted down 1-to-7 by the electorate is a fortuitous circumstance not only for New Jersey but for Senator McCarthy. We can read into this one no repudiation of the Senator from Wisconsin. It was simply—and in our book much more significantly—a repudiation of the most colossal exhibition of gall in our time.

RALPH BUNCHE: The diplomatic talents of this great man have won him selection for the new post of Under Secretary in the United Nations Secretariat. Profoundly giving the lie to Communist propaganda, the top-ranking American on the UN staff will thus be a Negro. He will be troubleshooter, expeditor of peace—available to be sent anywhere in the world at the direction of the Secretary General, Dr. Bunche is gifted in the business of getting feuders to beat their swords into plowshares. He it was who negotiated the Israeli-Arab armistices in 1949. An uneasy truce, true, but without his efforts there might be no truce at all. People on both sides of fences like him. He is patient, and he knows that men have feeling as well as reason. Last October he passed along a bit of his way of looking at life: "I have faith in people, in, collectively, their essential goodness and good sense. . . . I believe that men can learn to live together in harmony and peace." May he make men believe it, too!

COAL: Miners have the admiration of this reporter. Theirs is one of the most hazardous of occupations and their efforts have helped to make this country what it is. They deserve every penny they earn, and more. But here's the story: During the first quarter of '54, soft coal production amounted to only 90 million tons. The comparable quarter of last year it was 107 million tons, and *that* was a bad year. John L. Lewis and his U.M.W. complain that more than 30 million tons of coal production a year have been displaced by foreign oil "dumped" in this country. Furthermore, they point to plans for more gas pipe lines. What does Mr. Lewis want? He wants the government to bail out the coal industry from its economic plight, keep it strong for the time when enemy action could block oil imports. No one will argue seriously against conservation not only of resources but of methods and man power to make those resources accessible.

But few will be able to forget that it was John L. himself who made the availability of coal so uncertain that oil and gas boomed in popularity and customer acceptance. If the goose that laid the golden egg is in a bad way from



AWARD WINNER: Two 1954 Horatio Alger Awards went to Dr. Daniel A. Poling (left) and Michael Baker, Jr. (center), president of Pennsylvania consulting engineering firm. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (right), a previous winner, represented the American Schools and Colleges Association in presenting the plaques.

neck wringing, let Mr. Lewis look to the feathers clinging to his own hands. He won't, of course, and we will, of course, once again do what he wants us to do—as always.

LETTER: First-place winner in Christian Endeavor's 1954 Christian Citizenship Contest was Jana Woodrum, Berthoud, Colo. Contestants wrote "A Letter to My Congressman," and we were impressed by 16-year-old Jana's ideas. She's a member of First Presbyterian Church in her town, assistant church organist, a junior at Berthoud High School. Jana had the two-pronged approach to citizenship that we all need. She looked first at the opportunity of her Congressman. "You can speak for Christian Citizenship by being courageous," she told him. "It must take a lot of courage to be brave on the Congressional floor. It is then that a man is tested." Well stated—but a lot of people lecture their Congressman and let it go at that. Citizenship to them is something that has to do with Pennsylvania Avenue, never with Maple Avenue. Not so with Jana. "I too have decisions to make, which though not of national significance, affect the lives I touch. It takes many deeds of love to repair the damage done by an act of hate or selfishness. . . . It has been said that as the homes go, so goes the nation. Because I am part of a home, I am a factor in the way this nation goes."

The nation would go the right way with enough folks like Jana in it!

COURIER'S CUES: One man who stands to gain by Army-McCarthy hearings is counsel Ray Jenkins; don't be surprised if he's talked as Tennessee Senator. . . . 68 U.S. firms had assets of one billion dollars or more in '53; in 1929, only 20. . . . Eyes are turning Westward for future Presidential timber. . . . The Republicans hope to have subversives-in-government problem under control by election time. . . . Russia's up-and-

coming strong man: N. S. Krushchev, now in No. 2 spot.

Some economists are saying no depression, but "slack" period for one to five years. . . . The U.S. collected \$48,374,745 on lend-lease debts last year, including a partial interest payment of over \$2 million from Russia (we supplied Russia with over \$11 billion in materials). . . . The U.S. Public Health Service has denied or revoked research fund grants to 30 scientists since 1952 on grounds of subversion or disloyalty. . . . The Communists are working on a chain-letter campaign among Americans to get you to ask President Eisenhower to halt further tests of H-bombs—watch out for it. . . . Photographic film as far east as Chicago has been fogged by radioactive dust particles.

• ABROAD •

CHOIR: While the professional diplomats do their best to create a sentiment for peace or aid or something else, church folks go ahead and in their own gentle way turn the world right side up. Korea will take a lot of turning, but the Korean Children's Choir will surely have much to do with it. They've been touring major U.S. cities under the direction of the Rev. D. B. Chung, a young Korean Methodist minister. A chaplain in the ROK Navy, he took time out to gather together a group of orphans, train them in singing Christian hymns and other music, bring them to America. The children have been making a hit on television and wherever they appear. Children of any land are like that. Americans see their wide-eyed resemblance to tots at our own firesides, and we remember that back in Korea there are other thousands of children, whether orphaned or not, who need a secure world in which to grow up. We venture that tots from Russia would impress us the same way, and that American children might well be our best ambassadors there. When

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LOOK UP



peace comes, it could come on the patter of tiny feet.

TRIUMPH: Dienbienphu is a byword of gallantry. Gradually its strength was whittled away, gradually the defense perimeter drawn tighter and tighter. There has been open talk about the lack of fighting spirit among the French and among the French in Indo-China particularly. Dienbienphu has cut the props from under that. It is easy to keep spirits high when you know you are going to win. If it looks as if you are going to lose, the temptation is to lose as easily as possible. These men chose to lose as hard as possible. The tragedy of this world is that man's highest and humblest accolade must be, "See how they die!" When can it be, "See how they live!"?

PARTITION: It's one of the possibilities for Indo-China. As reported by the London *Observer*, the nationalist governor says he can't understand why a conference (Geneva) should be called to discuss the unification of Korea and at the same time consider the partition of Viet Nam, with a line drawn at some heretofore undistinguished parallel, and part of the country turned over to Communists. We can't understand it either. Partition wouldn't be an easy solution, and the Viet Namese would resist as strenuously as Dr. Syngman Rhee, regarded by many as a curmudgeon simply because he is a patriot. The heart of the Vietnamese independence movement is in Northern Viet Nam, home of the most sincere anti-Communist nationalism in all Indo-China. The people of central and southern Viet Nam, politically less educated, can take Communism and Ho Chi Minh or let them alone. Yet, if partition came, it would be the north which goes behind the Iron Curtain! You couldn't even sell that idea to the Communists. Most of the Viet Minh forces are irregulars who

farm by day, fight by night. They have no intention of leaving their widely-scattered farms simply to oblige the line layers. They'll stay where they are, let the line fall where it will.

DISMISSAL: One other comment on this part of the world, and it's the wryest story to come out of the Indo-Chinese conflict. Col. Nguyen Vy, commander of Vietnamese troops on the Annam coast, found a high official-chairman of the Central Viet Nam Provincial Council—who was working for the Communists. After the man's conviction, how to punish him? Customary procedure in such cases is a firing squad or something less formal. But the Colonel had a better idea. The prisoner was fitted with a parachute, shipped off into the wild blue yonder, chuted into Red-controlled territory. According to the Colonel, it took eight men to achieve this "aerial dismissal" of the unwilling immigrant!

COLOMBO: Two days after the Geneva conference opened, the five-nation Colombo (Ceylon) convocation of Asian Prime Ministers convened. Held apparently as a rebuke to the Western world and as a declaration of Asia-for-Asians, it was not smooth sailing. That's understandable. For sitting at the same table were Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and Pakistani Prime Minister Mohammed Ali. The report is that at the opening session (briefing came later for newsmen), Mr. Ali remarked, rather logically at that, how it was "perhaps a little presumptuous of us to preach peace to others until we succeed in establishing mutual understanding and trust among ourselves." Whereupon Mr. Nehru is reputed to have shouted he could tear Mr. Ali "to pieces" if the Pakistani leader raised the Kashmir question.

What's the marrow meat of Colombo? Simply that Mr. Nehru speaks only for Mr. Nehru, not for Asia. And that the "backward" nations of Asia are as aware of world problems as the wearers of the shiniest top hats on Downing Street or in the State Department.

• CHURCH NEWS •

ROOM: The Capitol of the United States is to have a prayer room. The Senate has approved a resolution, already approved by the House, directing the architect of the Capitol "to make available a room, with facilities for prayer and meditation, for use of members" of Congress. What the room will be like, how much it will be used—we can only have our personal hopes. "For use of members" sounds as if it will not be open to the general public, possibly not a bad idea. It does no one good to

allow a close public scrutiny of the sanctuary so that the patronage of any given member becomes campaign material. This should be a room where our leaders will be able to go seeing and unseen.

BERLIN: For all the supposed spiritual lag of Europe, she is showing all of us a brand of leadership that is in many respects spectacular. Particularly in the shadow of the Iron Curtain, Christians have found and are finding ways of working together that the less cooperative rest of the world can only admire. In the U.S. we're used to professed co-operation between Protestants and Roman Catholics, but it practically always turns out to be a one-sided proposition. And if there was ever a paradox, it's one-sided co-operation! In West Germany the overtures are coming from both sides. Roman Catholics not only are admitting that Protestants exist, but that they may also be Christian! The latest call for inter-confession co-operation comes from Roman Catholic Bishop Wilhelm Weskamm of Berlin. Harking back to the Hitler era, he remembered that it too "brought together all confessions under the Cross of Jesus Christ. Today the anti-Christ is making all efforts to instigate one confession against the other," he went on. "In this situation all Christians are called to assume the grave responsibility to see to it that the front of believers will not be split up."

Who would not respond to such an appeal! Is the ultimate danger any less



RNS PHOTO

AMERICAN MOTHER: Mrs. Love McDuffie Tolbert, 65, of Columbus, Ga., has been chosen Mother of the Year by the American Mothers Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation. A school librarian, Mrs. Tolbert is the mother of five sons, all World War II veterans. She is a Presbyterian and is an active leader in civic affairs. Following her marriage, she became one of few women to serve in Georgia legislature.

for American Roman Catholics—or American Protestants?

TRACT: Last month we showed you a picture of the new 3-cent "In God We Trust" postage stamp, patterned promptly after the 8-cent design which will have limited sales, though 8-centers do go all over the world. The newest stamp will take the same message around our own country. The thing that most impresses us about this domestic stamp is its numbers. Because the present stamp picturing President Jefferson will be discontinued, the "In God We Trust" design is the stamp from June on. Religious tracts are well thought of if they reach a circulation of a million. Should a religious radio or television "plug" go out to ten million listeners, it's a fairly remarkable achievement. Here is a "tract" that will be seen by almost every man, woman and child in the United States before the year is out, and by most of them dozens of times. What will be the "circulation" of this one bit of philatelic testimony in the course of a year? Seven billion!

EVANGELIST: We often get a chuckle or a pause out of the *Stewardship Bulletin* published by the Lutheran Layman's Movement. (One recent gem: The bulletin board of one church, capitalizing on the film "Martin Luther," announced: "Here we stand—still!") The Bulletin's remarks on evangelism were thought-provoking, and have something to say to all churches, United Lutheran or not. A recent survey showed that 42 per cent of their local congregations have active evangelism committees or visitation evangelism groups, and that 58 per cent don't; 29 per cent had visitation evangelism programs in the last year, 71 per cent didn't; 1.8 per cent of the congregations use lay visitation to reclaim inactive members, 98.2 per cent don't. In six years, only 1,976 persons went into full-time church work such as the ministry, diaconate, parish work and other lay work. In other words, observes the *Bulletin*, it took *two* congregations *six years* to produce *one* full-time church worker. To be members in good standing of their congregations, Lutherans are supposed to commune at least once a year. Only 70 per cent did so in 1952.

And then this quote: "The stork is the best evangelism worker we have! He brings more new members into the ULCA than the current rate of evangelism activities conducted by synods and congregations. In fact, the birthrate exceeds the net gain of membership in United Lutheran churches every year."

LENDING LIBRARY: Perennial wail of churches beset by the problems of an unfriendly world is, "But what can we

At Right: Temple Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

A member writes: "The plates are very beautiful. I hope we shall soon be able to place an order for additional plates."

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Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval, money-making plan. Also free samples of "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards.

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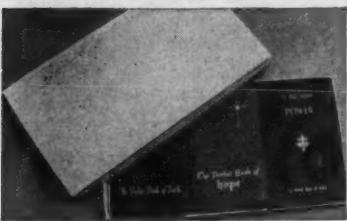
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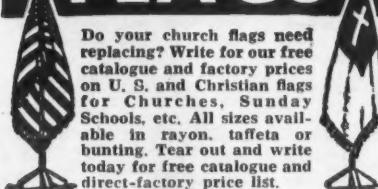


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do?" Here's what Florida churches are doing: they are conducting a Ministry to Migrants at a farm labor camp in Belle Glade, right in their own back yard. They have set up a "maternity lending library" from which needy mothers can borrow a trim suitcase packed with gowns, robe and other "pretties" when she goes to the hospital to have her baby. When she is through with it, everything is carefully laundered for the next withdrawal. Mothers are also loaned maternity dresses and necessities for the new baby. Contacts come through the Division of Home Missions of the National Council of Churches, and local churches have the privilege of doing a useful and needed job for mothers who thereby can look upon their babies with something of the dignity and unworried love that all new mothers deserve.

JOBs: Now that graduation has come and gone, the current crop of college students are out job-hunting, along with four million or so unemployed already looking for work. All of which provides us with the opportunity to point out job opportunities likely to go unnoticed. These are openings in the religious field. The Methodist Board of Missions, for example, has opportunities for 100 young men and women college graduates for work in mission stations at home and abroad as part of the short-term mission service program it conducts. Fifty are wanted for Africa, 17 for Korea, the remainder for the U.S. and its territories. Candidates must be unmarried, have a bachelor's degree, "good health, good mind and a committed spirit." Foreign terms are for three years, those in the U.S. for two. Kinds of work range from construction engineering, business managing, teaching of agriculture, to nursing and the more traditional kind of "missionary" work. Other denominations, too, it's our hunch, have openings of this and other sorts.

GIVING: Every once in a while this department is accused of magnifying the material evidences of church life—numbers of people, numbers of dollars. We don't want to magnify their importance out of proportion, but why on the other hand disparage them? In that spirit, we pass along this latest word: that more than one-half of all the philanthropic giving in the U.S. goes to the churches. Of the total \$4½ billion given away each year, some \$1,600,000,000 goes to Protestant churches. Assuming that Roman Catholic and Jewish groups give on about the same basis, total church giving would be "well over two and a half billion dollars, or more than half," pointed out Thomas K. Thompson, executive director of the National Council of Churches'

department of Stewardship and Benevolence. By the way, the average church member's contribution in 1952 was \$41.94, an increase of 7.8 per cent over 1951. Mr. Thompson predicts that 1953's figure will be 10 per cent higher than '52's.

IN BRIEF: Park Street Church, Boston, in its 15th Annual Missionary Convention, raised \$187,696.21 for missions for coming year. . . . There are 1,741 Protestant churches with nearly one million members in Greater Philadelphia area, recent survey shows; in last four years, 41 new Protestant churches have been built and 294 others renovated or remodeled at total outlay of \$11 million.

Membership in Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., increased during 1953 by 55,408 to record total of 2,581,580. . . . Evangelical United Brethren Churches start January 1 to raise \$4,250,000 for their colleges and seminaries. . . . Sunday school attendance at Methodist Churches in the U.S. now averages 3,187,635, an increase of 99,792 over last year. . . . Chaplain (Colonel) Luther W. Evans, a United Lutheran, has been appointed new commandant of the Armed Forces Chaplain School, Fort Slocum, N.Y., succeeding Chaplain (Colonel) Joseph R. Koch, Roman Catholic, who is retiring.

Dr. Paul J. Tillich retires this summer as Professor of Philosophical Theology at Union Seminary, goes to Harvard's Divinity School in fall of '55. . . . Fifteen denominations are using the RSV exclusively in most of their quarterlies and periodicals. . . . Total sales of all RSV editions has now reached 2,704,000. . . . Eastern Baptist College is now fully accredited by Middle States Association. . . . Mrs. Gypsy Smith was married on the 14th of April to Mr. Frederick Gardiner of Gardiner Tours.

• TEMPERANCE •

BASEBALL: The Long Run Association of Baptists, a fellowship of 120 churches and missions in the Louisville, Kentucky, area, got sick and tired of listening to local beer advertisements interspersing the broadcasts of big league professional baseball games. So they took on the sponsorship of radio station WGRC's airing of Mutual's Monday-through-Saturday "Game of the Day." The Association will sublease time on the program to advertisers "whom we consider in harmony with the principles for which we stand"—and they won't be breweries!

HOME: We don't know in what context he said it, but we're for it in any context. The item showed up in the papers under an Indianapolis dateline,

reporting a statement made by the Rev. John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame. He was talking about various kinds of threats to married life. Mothers-in-law are credited by scuttlebutt as being number-one threat. Father O'Brien points out that "in-law trouble can be blamed for only 7 per cent of marriages which go on the rocks." What's the more potent cause of breakups? "Drinking," says the Notre Dame priest, "is the predominant factor in 30 per cent of marriage failures."

Moral: if you want to marry happily or stay married happily, don't drink.

DRIVING: The Durham (N.C.) Morning Herald gave not one column but five pages to "The Drinking Driver." Nearly two dozen pictures helped to tell the story. Why the paper became excited: "Last year in North Carolina 34 per cent of the drivers involved in fatal accidents had been drinking and 18 per cent of the pedestrians who were killed in highway accidents had also been drinking."

Says the paper, "In only seven per cent of the fatal accidents was the driver classified as 'drunk.' It is obvious from these figures that the drinking driver who has not been officially classified as 'drunk' influences the fatality figures far more than does the drunken driver. . . . Driving in modern-day traffic on high speed thoroughfares, requires keen judgment and competent hands at the controls. On evidence offered by medical science that drinking emphatically does retard mental and physical reaction time, it should follow that nobody should drive and drink—even a little."

And this probing question: "Even the engineer of a train, which runs on a track with all known safety devices in force, is required to abstain from alcohol. Why then, can the automobile driver who controls a 'free course' vehicle afford to become the victim of alcohol?"

PRAYER: This is a good spot to pass along a prayer by the Rev. F. Oswald Barnett of Australia. It has been widely circulated there by safety councils, motor clubs and trade unions.

O ever-present Lord, I pray
Be with me at the wheel today.
Fill every corner of my mind,
So roaming thoughts no lodging find.
And take control of my two eyes,
That I may be alert and wise,
And take my feet, and take my
hands,
That they react to quick demands.
Give me Thy guidance, Friend
Divine,
For other folk as well as mine.
Then, when we come to journey's end,
My prayers to Heaven will ascend
In utter thankfulness to Thee,
Who kept the wheel all day with me.

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EVANSTON?

THE Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches will be held in Evanston, Illinois, in August of this year. For the Protestant faith, this conclave promises to be one of the most important, if not the most important, since Martin Luther and the Diet of Worms. For the next fifty years Evanston may be the point of no return for Protestant unity in America. Dr. W. A. Visser 'T Hooft, General Secretary of the World Council, has well said: "Their [the delegates'] actions will be watched by Christians all over the world. . . . It will be the task of members of the American churches to assist in interpreting the Assembly for what it is, an ecumenical and international assembly of delegates representing various church traditions and holding very different views on social, economic and political questions *yet claiming beyond their differences a common basic loyalty to one Lord. . . .*"

But it is with that last phrase, in its application to "different views on social, economic and political questions," that we come to the heart of what is, for us, Evanston's main problem. Is Communism just and only a "social, economic and political" question? If it is, we have no justified fears for Evanston. But we are committed to the proposition that Communism is atheism and that it is so fundamentally evil that it is impossible for Christians to deliberately accept it and still "claim a common basic loyalty to one Lord."

In grief we grant that many Christians have been tortured into confessions which are a denial of Christian faith. It is with charity for these Christians that we acknowledge those others who died rather than deny and whose blood becomes again "the seed of the Church." It is right here that Evanston must choose. At whatever cost to any temporary appearance of world Protestant solidarity, the Second Assembly of the World Council should declare Communism anti-religious, anti-God, anti-Christ and utterly antipathetic to everything to which Christianity is irrevocably committed. At least for this, and for not less than this, American Protestantism must declare itself at Evanston or the Protestant churches of America will be challenged by the overwhelming majority of American Protestant Christians to withdraw from the World Council.

It was in the effort to reconcile these very "different views" that the First Assembly of the World Council, held in Amsterdam in 1948, created serious misunderstandings within the American Protestant community. In October, 1948, CHRISTIAN HERALD, while committing itself to the fundamental purposes of the World Council of Churches, noted with well-founded alarm that the Council Section on "The Church and the Disorder of Society" condemned equally "Communism" and "Capitalism." This First Assembly, through its Section on "The Church and the Disorder of Society," said: "The Christian Church should *reject* the ideology of both Communism and Capitalism. . . ." It was

this "equal condemnation" that brought about a protest from American churches that has not ceased to this hour. We said then editorially: "While Capitalism is no longer an adequate phrase, what it connotes is inclusive of what we Americans are, have been and, under God, purpose to become. . . . To pillory all this, to condemn it equally with Communism, which damns God and denies human personality while it liquidates religion and glorifies statism, is to an overwhelming majority in all the faiths (in America) rank hypocrisy." We concluded our 1948 editorial with these words: "Half truths expressed in weasel words do not befit the Protestant Church and can only belittle and delay her world mission."

The phrase, "A common basic loyalty to one Lord," as here used, makes for confusion and uncertainty, points both ways, and at a time when there is only one way in which American Protestantism can go in unity. *Evanston must declare Communism anti-religious, anti-Christ and utterly antagonistic to everything for which the Christian Church should stand*, or Evanston will divide the American Protestant Christian community.

IT is now apparent that delegates from the member churches behind the Iron Curtain, aided and abetted and perhaps coerced by their Communist overlords, are coming to Evanston with propaganda that, if reflected in conference decisions, will seriously impair our own Protestant unity. Because CHRISTIAN HERALD is committed to this unity, because we believe in and support the National Council of Churches, we voice now our profound concern.

Since January 1, 1954, material released by "The Hungarian Church Press," the "Conference of the Baptist Unity in Czechoslovakia," and the "Message from the Evangelical Church of Czech Brethren to Protestants Throughout the World," has shown typical Moscow-inspired unity. The latter document contains these sentences: "What have we Christians done to bring about the end of the bloody and destructive war in Korea? What have we done for the admission of the great Chinese nation into the community of those who make decisions in the matters of new international orders? What have we done to bring about the unification of the German nation by a way of real negotiation and agreement?" And these words, after referring to what is called "a new society of nations in common cooperation and trust, etc.": "This very moment attempts are being made on the part of those we call Christian nations to stop this process of integration. . . ." In other words, "integration" is what our church brethren from behind the Iron Curtain have to say about the liquidation of the Baltic States and the enslavement of the Czechs, the Poles, the Hungarians and all the others who have been "integrated"!

These sentences are but samples, but they set the

EDITORIAL

pattern for what is coming out to Evanston from behind the Iron Curtain. The document from the "Hungarian Church Press," while theologically as fundamental(ist) as the Reformation itself, has words of fulsome praise for its Red overlords. It follows the "line" in lauding the "World Peace Council." Commenting at length upon the presence of state representatives at an ecclesiastical function, it "warmly agrees" with the voice of its master. As to the presence of the master—he is always there. The article continues: "Unity can only be found on the road of common obedience," and then this incredible sentence: "The church in the Soviet Union lives amidst the abundant blessings of the Word of God and His Holy Spirit. She is free to act and performs her service with a high degree of believing responsibility"

But it remains for the brochure of the "Conference of the Baptist Unity in Czechoslovakia" to plumb abject depths of tragedy: "We stand unwaveringly behind the peaceloving work of our country. . . . The Constitution and laws of our country guarantee our real freedom." And indicating the propaganda purpose of the document: "We are sending all brotherly greetings and an invitation for all to join in the big worldwide effort for the easing of the tension among nations . . . and for negotiations among statesmen until a permanent peace in the world is reached."

The incredible tragedy of the brochure is found in the repudiation, by these blind leaders of the blind, of their heroic fellow churchmen who refused to submit and who suffered torture and martyrdom in defense of freedom and faith. Of these, their own martyred brothers, Moscow's puppets write: "We must say with great sorrow that several of our pastors, among whom were many that had a leading position in the church, misused the confidence which our country bestowed upon them and got involved in an activity which had nothing to do with religious and church life . . . people who violated the precepts of Christian love and the laws of their country. . . . By their illegal actions they endangered the results of the diligent labor of the whole nation and they were also punished accordingly." Here is perhaps the superinfamy of the church in our time!

UNMISTAKABLY clear it is that delegates from the captive churches behind the Iron Curtain will come to Evanston as puppets of atheistic Communism.

But whatever the words of these men with whose unhappy bondage we must deeply sympathize, even more significant may be the words of our own American representatives. What are *we* going to say at Evanston? It is finally what we say there that will strengthen or weaken—that may indeed make or break—organized Protestant unity in the United States for decades ahead. I quote now the 11th of 12 resolutions passed by the "Fourth National Study Conference on

the Churches and World Order," conducted in Cleveland, Ohio, by the "Department of International Justice and Goodwill" of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. These resolutions were released in January of this year.

11. Communist China and the United Nations

"The United Nations has formally designated the Peoples Government of the Republic of China as a party to aggression in Korea. So long as this indictment stands, the problem of recognition and acceptance of representatives at the UN is not a matter for immediate decision. We do hope that changed circumstances may make possible a revision of policy and urge that the changes regarded as necessary be carefully studied and clearly stated.

"We, therefore, recommend that the Department of International Justice and Goodwill be requested to initiate a study of the problems here involved in order to identify any moral principles that may be relevant to provide Christians with information on which sound decisions can be based.

"We strongly urge the United States Government to adopt a flexible policy and, by resisting pressure to decide now what its policy shall be at some future time, to maintain such freedom as will permit wise action on the basis of conditions as they may progressively develop."

WE find weasel words among these, and there is double-talk, but they sum up to "recognition and acceptance" of atheistic Red China *if and when*—and a wish that both "if and when" may come to pass.

What do these words mean to you? Certainly whatever they mean to you, you and I must agree that Evanston must speak more clearly.

Whatever may be brought to Evanston by delegates from behind the Iron Curtain, that gathering will be judged at last by what, in its own integrity, it has to say about Communism as anti-Christian. Anything achieved in Evanston by double-talk, similar to the words of the resolution quoted from the Cleveland conference, will be a disservice to Protestant unity.

Certainly the World Council is just that—a *world* council—and of this Council, the National Council, representing the American Protestant churches, whatever our position, prestige and strength, is only a part. This we must not forget. But again recalling Amsterdam, we must also remember that unity is not uniformity. If at Evanston, for any cause whatsoever, we again compromise or, in double-talk, *seem* to compromise with atheistic Communism, then Protestant Christianity in the United States may well conclude that we have betrayed our Lord.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



The LOST Christians

The startling, little-known story
of the spark of Christianity still
surviving within artillery range of
the Communist-held China mainland

By JOHN C. CALDWELL

“MISSIONARY kids,” we are often called, we who were born of American parents in China, Korea, India or Africa, our parents among the thousands of missionaries who for over a century have served God in the far corners of the world. Wars and revolutions, frequent illness, gaps in formal education—this was part of our lot. But our heritage is rich, almost impossible to forget. We who came from the good earth of China have become the worst of the “Old China Hands,” a breed notorious for its ability to forget unpleasantness and hardship, and for its nostalgic longing to go back again.

Small wonder then that I seized upon an unexpected recent opportunity to go as close to China as I could get, to the coast of South China which was my family’s home for a half century. In late 1953 I was within a few miles of my birthplace. I saw again the mountains towering above Foochow.

It began one sunny day last September, at beautiful Sun-Moon Lake, high in the Formosan mountains. I am a writer and newspaper correspondent and was in Formosa to study and write about the Rural Rehabilitation program

of Chiang Kai-shek’s government. I sat in the dining room of the hotel which overlooks Sun-Moon Lake, eating lunch, talking shop with the young Chinese agricultural official who had been my guide for several days. Tommy Hsu and I had much in common. We were both born in Fukien Province and had first met there ten years ago during World War II. Inevitably our conversation turned to talk of “home,” of my father and his tiger hunting exploits.

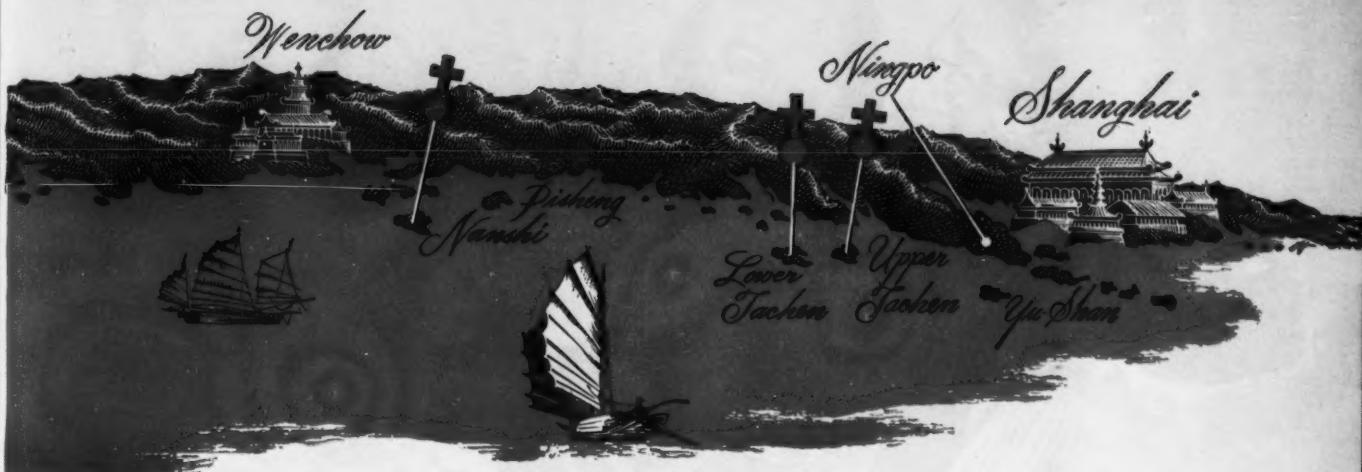
“You must come back sometime soon,” Tommy Hsu said. “We’ll go over toward Fukien together, I know many of the guerrilla generals; they will welcome a son of Dr. Caldwell.”

I thought Tommy was joking and said so, but in the hour that followed I heard the exciting and almost unknown story of the fifty islands along the Fukien and Chekiang Coasts, held by men of Free China. I heard that Matsu, White Dog, Turnabout and Black Turtle Islands were in Free China hands—all islands near my birthplace, islands I had seen scores of times, where my father had preached and hunted and dealt with pirates and bandits in by-gone years. I heard too of Kin Men Island, which means in Chinese “The Golden Gate,” and of how it has been built into a fortress, held in spite of Communist artillery fire until it has become a symbol of hope for the people of Free China.

One does not simply make reservations, then buy a ticket for the guerrilla islands on the very edge of the civilized world! I had to return to America for lecture commitments, and then begin the task of getting clearances and financial backing. I was determined to visit the islands along the China Coast, and began to work, plan and pray.

There were expensive trans-Pacific telephone calls to make. I hardly dared think the dream of going “home” could be realized quickly. But in less than two months the passport and visas, the clearances from far-away Taipei, the financial help (including a loan from the bank!)—all were accomplished. On December 6, 1953, I was on my way to Chinese guerrillaland, via Alaska, the Aleutians, Japan and Formosa.

For three exciting, fascinating weeks I traveled along the Fukien Coast, visiting the islands, going on gunboat



of the China Coast

raids, often getting so close to the enemy I could watch Communist soldiers. I was never more than a few miles from the mountains where my father hunted tigers and where he kept mountain trysts with bandits.

There are no tigers on the guerrilla islands, but I soon found myself in a new and exciting hunt. I hunted Christians and Christian churches, trying to see if the vast missionary investment on the coast of China had been lost in the years of Communist rule. For Fukien Province had been the center of Protestant religious work in China, an area in which Methodists, Congregationalists, the Reformed Church and Church of England missionaries worked for a

century and more. In Foochow CHRISTIAN HERALD built its orphanage and industrial school. The missionary enterprise had extended from the coast far into the Fukien mountains, and had included the building of churches, a vast educational system, medical facilities and universities.

In my quest, I found thrilling evidence that the seed planted by missionary men and women still flourishes in spite of isolation, persecution and poverty.

To understand the miracle that has taken place along the China Coast, imagine that our own government has been defeated in a disastrous civil war, driven off the mainland and has taken up existence in (Continued on page 36)



Largest of the island churches is this at Hopu, Kin Men.



Nationalist pillbox faces the perilously close mainland.





GRAMP

and the Garden Club

By BERNICE O. ERICKSON

THE six o'clock alarm sounded shrill, insistent. Martha Engdahl reached over quickly to shut it off, and then hurried out to inspect the weather. Rain would ruin all her carefully laid plans.

Today at exactly three o'clock in the afternoon the Garden Club would arrive. She had blithely agreed to the plan the week before when Sally Carew had come rushing over, all excited and talking fast: "Martha, you've just got to entertain the Garden Club for me. Bob's vacation has been changed, and we're leaving tomorrow. Your garden's so beautiful. You'll do it for me, won't you?"

Yesterday Martha had felt the first uneasy qualms, labeling the whole procedure a gesture of rash generosity on her part. Now she sighed with relief. The hush of early morning hung over the garden. Through the leaves of the huge maple tree she could see that the sun was already sending out banners of golden light to filter through the beds of dahlias and

roses, into the zinnias and petunias. Her only worry now would be Gramp.

She thought about him as she slipped quietly into the bathroom to dress. Gramp had lived with them a year. From the first day he had tried not to be any bother. Every morning he was up a little after six, shuffling quietly about the kitchen in his old slippers, making coffee and toast for himself, spilling a little of the coffee and leaving a trail of toast crumbs on the dinette table.

Already she could hear his slippers shuffling in the hall. Martha sighed. She tried to visualize the club members meeting Gramp. Some of the women who lived nearby she knew well, but there were others that she regarded as sophisticated young matrons, smugly complacent of their beautiful homes, their sturdy children, their good cars, their ambitious husbands. She could see Mrs. Jennings' black eyebrows raise inquisitively. Ann Karding would probably say in her brisk, curt

To Gramp the ladies of the Garden Club were no different from anybody else—but not to Martha.

ILLUSTRATOR: AL TARTER

way, "But of course it's wonderful to have your husband's father with you," and leave Martha with the mixed-up feeling that wasn't what she meant.

Gramp could so easily strike the wrong note in this social-minded group. He would have to go somewhere. Her busy mind began to concoct little schemes for getting rid of him for the afternoon, and then just as suddenly she felt ashamed. Gramp probably was lonely. There had been adjustments for him to make too.

In the kitchen she turned to the old man, "Gramp, you might as well have breakfast now. I'll have coffee and toast and eggs ready in a minute."

"Going to serve the ladies out in the garden?"

"That's what I had planned." She wanted to add, "You know what we planned, Gramp. You heard Tom and me discuss it last night." But instead she answered patiently, "I'm going to use those folding tables and chairs from the church. Tom said he would come home at noon and get them." She could not help adding, "Oh, I hope everything will go all right."

"Of course it will, Martha honey." He patted her arm. "Just take it easy. Don't pay to get all worried over things. Anyway, I'll take care of the garden part."

It was like Gramp to offer to help her, and naturally he would consider the garden his special detail for the day. He had spent hours working in it all summer, hauling small loads of black dirt with the wheelbarrow, transplanting tiny fragile plants, and hurrying out each morning after breakfast to watch and exclaim excitedly over their progress. Of course it was his garden, but did he expect to be out there during the afternoon with her guests?

And what if Gramp should bring his button collection? Martha could remember evenings in the past year when friends had dropped in. Hours would pass, with buttons spread all over the place, and stories and more stories about them until Martha thought she would scream. The very thought of Gramp's button boxes made her so weak that she stopped her work and sat down to a cup of black coffee.

It was then that Tom, Karen and Jerry appeared. They looked sleepy-eyed and tousled as they paraded around in their pajamas and robes.

"We wanted to help you." Karen's missing front tooth made her talk with a hissing lisp. "Daddy said we should help you a lot today."

"He did! Go wash and get dressed. That will be helping."

Tom poured himself a cup of coffee. "Where's Gramp?" he asked.

"Out in the garden."

She felt a sudden surge of anger at

Tom for not knowing how she felt about Gramp. She had a desire to make her words blunt, to hurt him into caring about these things that were so important to her. She said sharply, "What can I do with Gramp today?" "Do? What do you mean?"

"Oh, Tom, don't be naive. You know how Gramp is, friendly as a puppy when people are around. And what about his button collection?" She felt her voice growing shrill with anxiety. "What if he should bring it out when the Garden Club is here?"

"Would that be so terrible, honey?" Leisurely he sipped his coffee. "Lots of people enjoy buttons."

"Tom, you aren't serious!" Martha

WRECKED MENU

*All that is left of the ham is a bone,
The dinner I'd planned has undoubtedly flown;
The salad and cake have been under attack,
I gather the boys and their pals had a snack.*

—Elinor K. Rose

gazed at him, her blue eyes dark with anger. She would hide the button collection, then pretend she had mislaid it while cleaning his room. But even as the thoughts flitted through her mind she knew the scheme would never work. She would feel cheap and mean, and somehow Gramp would know.

Tom stood up. "Don't worry about Gramp, honey. Maybe I was serious, until I saw how you felt about it. I'll take Gramp to the office with me this afternoon. He likes to go down there."

"Oh, Tom, would you? Oh, it's not that Gramp's any bother," she hastened to add, "it's just that, well—there'll be women here this afternoon that I've never met before."

Breakfast over, Martha sent Karen and Jerry out to their sandbox. Tom left, promising to come back at twelve to get the tables and chairs. Even Gramp went, saying he was taking his button boxes down to Harper's store and to call him if she needed anything.

The morning slipped by too fast. It seemed to Martha that every time she looked at the electric clock in the kitchen another hour had passed. She was out in the garden planning the arrangement for the chairs and tables when the phone rang. She hurried inside to answer it.

"Look, honey," it was Tom, "there's

been an accident. Mr. Gordon's Ronny fell out of a tree and broke his collarbone. Gordon's gone to the hospital—and well, I can't leave the office now."

"Why did it have to happen today?" Martha felt the hot tears sting her face. "Oh, I don't mean that, Tom. Really, I'm sorry about Ronny. But what shall I do?"

"Can't you serve inside? Or maybe Gramp can get the chairs and tables."

"Gramp!" Martha echoed the words weakly. "Look, Tom," she said, trying to keep her voice calm and even, "you've got the car. Remember?"

"Well, get a taxi. Or ask the neighbors." Then he added, "I'm sorry, honey. I'll try to get home later to pick up Gramp."

Martha hung up. She found herself scowling at the thought of Ronny Gordon, a plump little five-year-old with round eyes, who ordinarily climbed trees as agilely as a cat.

The next hours flew by like a bad dream. Gramp came hurrying home, his coattails flying behind him, his precious button collection in his arms.

"You just tell me what to do, Martha," he said.

She gestured weakly. "It's the tables and chairs. Tom can't get home. I wonder—could you and Karen and Jerry possibly haul chairs from the church basement in the wagon? I'll borrow tables from the neighbors."

Gramp patted her shoulder soothingly. "You just leave it to us."

She was out in the front yard when they came back with the first load. They were taking eight chairs at a time. It would take three trips to get enough.

It was on the third and last load that she saw the fourth person trailing along behind the wagon procession, a tall, thin, gangly figure. It was Mr. Perry, Gramp's special friend and fellow enthusiast in buttons. Mr. Perry's visits invariably meant spreading Gramp's collection over her dining-room table.

She hurried outside. Today I must be firm with Mr. Perry, she thought. I won't let him in.

But Gramp was speaking. "Look, Martha," he said, "Mr. Perry wants to borrow my button collection. I guess I left it on the table. Will you get it?"

Weak with relief, Martha hurried inside for the boxes.

"I'll take good care of them." Mr. Perry grasped them with his thin, bony fingers. "I want to show them to my nephew." His voice quivered with excitement and pride. "He's visiting me today."

"Of course." Martha had never felt so amiable toward the old man. "Keep them as long as you like, Mr. Perry." Gratefully she watched him hurry

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Midnight Conversations

By FAITH BALDWIN

IT has been some time since I have gone to bed and slept long and well. Usually I have wakeful nights only when I am overtired, or suffering some physical pain or have just undergone a surgical operation. This past year, however, I have found myself repeatedly stalking sleep—and catching it only in snatches. I have tried the usual remedies, but with scant success. I don't find it relaxing, at three or four in the morning, to drink a glass of hot milk. And since I dislike sheep, I certainly don't enjoy counting them.

Sleepless nights, however, can have their value, if you will just relax and



ILLUSTRATOR:
RICHARD OTT

lie there quietly in the dark. Or you can turn on the light and read something you enjoy. On such occasions I invariably reach for my small Bible—and then the hours pass serenely, with the house big and silent, the darkness all about, and the quiet broken only by the whispering wind and the chatter of the birds as they wake with the rising dawn.

A sleepless night is a good time for thinking. It may be rather scattered thinking, for the mind is hard to discipline—but if you can sustain a related train of thought, it is astonishing how rewarding it can be. Just recalling happy memories can keep you occupied for a long time. Or you can, as I try to do, think a problem through to a helpful conclusion. Often I hit upon a series of brilliant ideas—which promptly dissolve into nothing with the coming of the dawn. But just as often I find ideas which withstand the searching glare of sunlight, and which are useful to me, particularly as a writer.

On other occasions, just as I am awaking or falling (Continued on page 28)



Lunch preparations get under way as family picnic baskets are unpacked.



One of two New York churches joining in the excursion—Summerfield Methodist, Dobbs Ferry.

Fellow picnickers came from St. Paul's Methodist, Hartsdale, N.Y.



Sunday School PICNIC

PHOTOS BY ORLANDO FROM THREE LIONS

Pastors John Bartle Everts (Dobbs Ferry) and Douglas Verdin (Hartsdale) lead off choosing sides for the ball game.



THREE'S nothing like a church family picnic as a social and ecclesiastical leveler! The most decorous "pillars" of the church gladly exchange sedate silk and starched broadcloth for pinafore and T-shirt. The children may shout as long and loud as they wish and no parent or deacon will shush them—except when grace is said over the bounty of delectable miscellany that sags long board tables. For this once, no one counts the pickles that pastor or primary pupil downs. Juvenile eyes pop in admiration when they see their minister grill a hamburger to golden-brown perfection or hit a home-run.

In lower New York State where two Methodist

For some, box lunches under the trees bring memories of times long past—"When I was a boy . . ."





Fun no matter what age!
Ring Around the Rosey
occupies this group of
mothers and youngsters.



Left: Activity at the grill. "Seconds" on hot dogs were popular long after lunch had ended.

Right: Most of the men-folks took part in the baseball game. (Hartsdale was the winner.)



Quiet but busy knitter gets in several rows' work on her new winter sweater.



As the two congregations sit down to their lunch at Peach Lake, one of the pastors says grace before a laden table.

No candidate for a charcoal-broiled steak, this small diner nevertheless gets his picnic share.



J.C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

SIX PRINCIPLES FOR DAILY LIVING



THERE are six searching principles that I have adopted for my daily living. I believe they are the essentials of success. As I used them ten years ago in the *Journal of Retailing*, I repeat them here:

I believe that preparation wins. A man must know all about his business; he must know a little more than any other man knows. As a rule we achieve what we prepare for.

I believe that hard work wins. The only kind of luck that any man is justified in banking on is hard work, which is made up of sacrifice, persistent effort, and dogged determination. Growth is never by mere chance.

I believe that honesty wins. Not only the kind of honesty that keeps a man's fingers out of his neighbor's till, but the finer honesty that will not allow a man to give less than his best, the kind of honesty that makes him count not his hours but his duties and opportunities.

I believe that confidence in men wins. I have found my most successful associates by giving men responsibility, by making them feel that I relied upon them; and those who have proved to be unworthy have only caused the others, who far outnumbered them, to stand in a clearer light.

I believe that the spirit wins. One of the wisest men who ever lived said, "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." Every enterprise I have been interested in demonstrates this fact. It is the spirit of the individuals comprising any organization, the spirit of the pioneers in any enterprise or endeavor that will conquer all difficulties and achieve success.

I believe in a practical application of the Golden Rule, as enunciated by the Master Teacher on the hillsides of Judea nearly two thousand years ago. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

MIDNIGHT CONVERSATIONS

(Continued from page 23)

to sleep—in that twilight of semi-consciousness—I often experience a sense of being far beyond and out of myself, as if I were on the brink of solving every mystery, and of knowing all there is to know with crystal clarity. But then I either fall asleep or come wide awake—and the moment, once again, is lost. This experience I daresay has happened to everyone. I believe it is a sudden realization of the eternal within us; something apart from the flesh, beyond the fallible mind, past the intellect, past even the heart with its profound and intuitive emotions.

Recently on a wakeful night I got to thinking about—of all things—vanity. I must admit that I've always been vain; most women are. In my case, however, I don't think I've ever been vain about my achievements, and certainly not about the workings of my mind. I don't fancy my mind overmuch. Nor have I been vain about any talent I may possess, for talent is something you are born with—a sort of bestowed gift. I

have, however, been proud—which is not exactly vanity—of my ability to harness a small talent to a lot of hard work. Many a big talent has been lost or squandered because its owner has been either unable or unwilling to dedicate himself to his talent. Or because he has permitted himself to become frivolously concerned with less important matters.

My vanity is solely physical—possibly a personal fastidiousness blown up to exaggerated proportions. I had a mother who was extremely dainty, besides being pretty and somewhat vain. And my father was the epitome of personal meticulousness.

Unlike most females, I am not particularly interested in clothes. I like them, but I hate to buy them—because I can't stand still long enough to be fitted. I also know what I want, and if I don't find it in twenty minutes I give up looking. I am rarely—which is remarkable for me—indecisive. No, with me vanity is not a matter of shop windows. As a girl it sprang from my desire

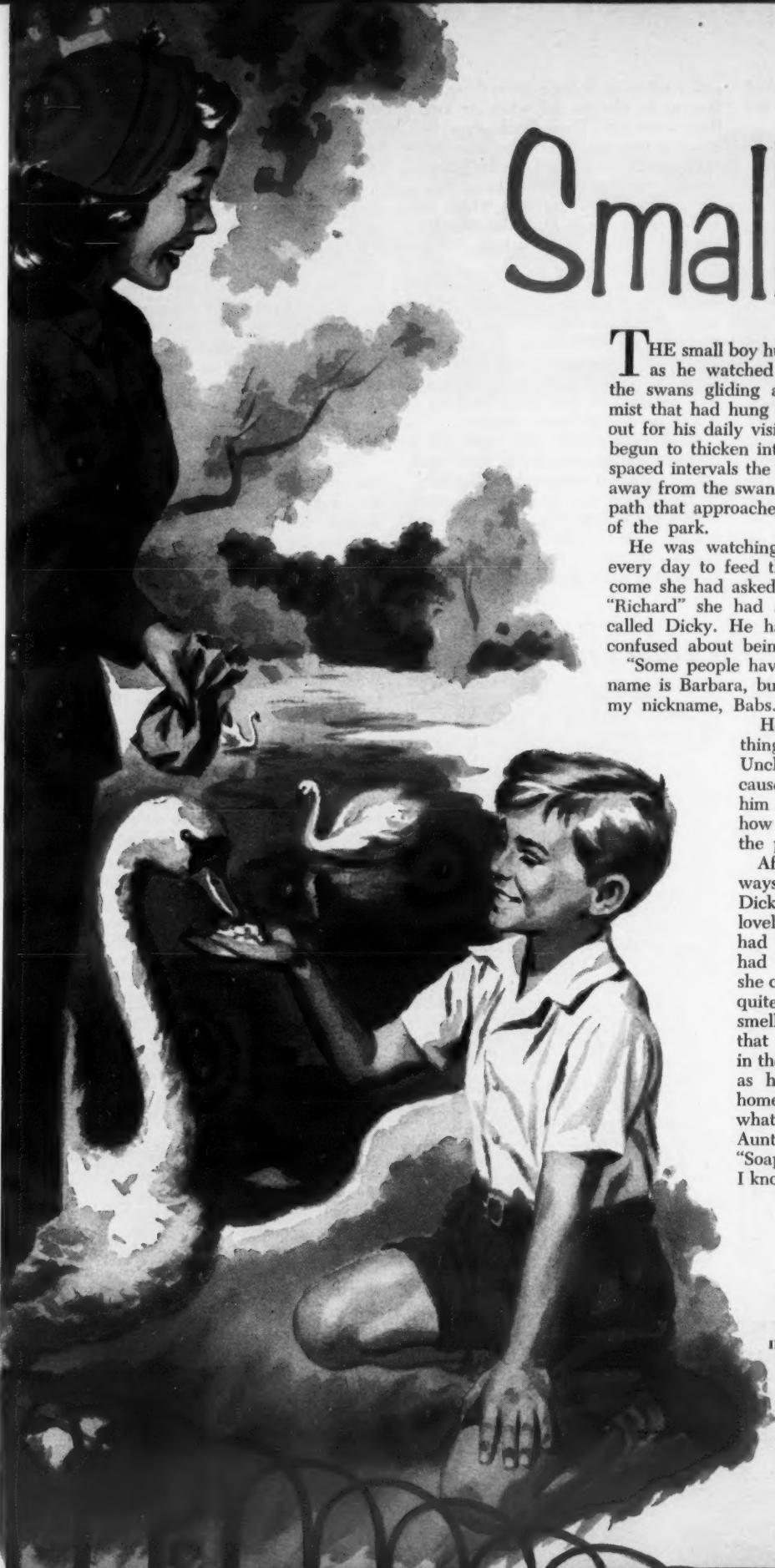
to be thought attractive. And as a wife it derived from the wish to continue to be thought so. In later years I hoped my children would remember me as a well-brushed, well-dressed person. Then too there was the matter of having to make public appearances. I have always been vain—more or less secretly—of my small hands, feet and bones in general, and of the fact that I would never be fat, although there have been periods when a little less poundage would have been in order.

Lying in bed the other night—with a cool wind coming through the open windows, the flowers of my room scenting the air, and a patch of silvery moonlight on the floor—I began to think of that quality, common to every human being, which we call soul or spirit. For sixty years I have always known what I looked like—physically. For better or worse I know what my appearance has been and what it has become. But I haven't the least idea of what my soul looks like. You might say this is a ridiculous thing to think about. You might say that soul is soul, and body is body, and that of course no one knows what his spirit looks like. I believe that when the day comes and I get a good look at my spirit, I'm not going to like it very much. I wish I had thought of this a little sooner.

There are no cosmetics for the spirit. There is nothing you can buy to make it beautiful, or even moderately attractive. You can't find anything on drug counters to enhance its appearance or step up its health and vitality. Whatever your soul may appear to be—to your Creator now, and eventually to yourself—it will be what you have made it, shaping and molding it with every thought, every word, every act of commission or omission. This is a frightening conclusion to reach on a sleepless night, or on the following day, if the thought stays with you.

There's just no way you can hide the spirit, no way to disguise it. God, who gave it to you, and who watches to see what you have done with the gift, has always known this. You can't clothe it in concealment. You can't blot out its blemishes. I believe that each dishonesty of thinking and acting, every unkind word, every fear, resentment, anger, injustice—plays a part in misshaping the spirit, so that even the loveliest body can possess a twisted soul. Surely envy must bring spiritual wrinkles. Denial of good, acceptance of evil lethargy which stills the tongue when it should be speaking in defense of right, laziness which robs us of responsibility toward a troubled neighbor, a troubled community, a troubled world—all these must mar and disfigure the soul. A sense of responsibility, like imagination, love,

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Small Boy

THE small boy huddled deeper inside his mackinaw as he watched the smooth, effortless motion of the swans gliding across the park lake. The gentle mist that had hung softly in the air when he had set out for his daily visit to the park an hour before had begun to thicken into a typical Oregon rain. At short spaced intervals the little boy would turn his attention away from the swans and look expectantly toward the path that approached the lake from the opposite side of the park.

He was watching for the pretty lady who came every day to feed the swans. The first time she had come she had asked his name, and when he told her "Richard" she had asked if he were not sometimes called Dicky. He had just shaken his head, feeling confused about being called a name that wasn't his.

"Some people have nicknames," she had said. "My name is Barbara, but people who like me call me by my nickname, Babs."

He had decided that it was something like being called "Pal" by his Uncle Peter, but he didn't tell her, because his Aunt Sophia had often told him that people would never believe how stupid he was, and he didn't want the pretty lady to find it out.

After that the lady in the park always smiled and said, "Hello there, Dicky!" She reminded him then of the lovely pretend-mother that Uncle Peter had told him about. Once, when she had handed him the sack of crumbs she carried for the swans, he had stood quite close to the lady, and she had smelled like the little lavender flowers that grew beneath some of the trees in the park. He had sniffed a little, just as he did at the flowers. Later, at home, he had asked his Aunt Sophia what made some ladies smell so nice. Aunt Sophia had frowned and snapped, "Soap and water is the only thing that I know of!" Knowing that Aunt Sophia

By

RUTH M. SOULE

ILLUSTRATOR: CONRAD MOULTON

Every day he watched for the lady in the park. She reminded him of his pretend-mother.

used lots of soap and water, he had wondered why she didn't smell the same way.

Reluctantly he turned from the lake and paddled along the damp path that would lead him out of the park onto the street where he lived.

He would think about his pretend-mother. That always helped when things weren't going right. Uncle Peter had made her up the day Aunt Sophia said Richard was "the biggest burden life had given her to bear."

He had felt badly about what Aunt Sophia had said because he couldn't help being a burden, no matter how hard he tried. He had gone into Uncle Peter's studio by himself and sat down on the soft rug by Uncle Peter's piano. He had thought about how other boys had mothers and he wished that he had one—one who wouldn't really mind fixing his food and keeping him clean, one who wouldn't always believe he did things wrong because he was ungrateful. Uncle Peter came in whistling

and winked as though everything was fine—as he always did when he knew they were not. Then Uncle Peter sat down at the piano and played the song about the bouncing ball, because Uncle Peter knew that he would laugh when the song reached the part where the ball bounces away. After the song was finished Uncle Peter asked, "What went wrong today, Pal?"

He hadn't told Uncle Peter about what Aunt Sophia had said. Uncle Peter was Aunt Sophia's only brother. Richard had often heard her say that Uncle Peter was young and didn't understand all she had to put up with. He had just said he had been thinking it would be nice to have a mother.

Uncle Peter held him tight for a moment without speaking, then said, "We'll see what we can do about that."

That same day a man had come with a big roll of wire, and a box, and a thing called a mike. The man set the box by Richard's bed, and the mike by Uncle Peter's piano. The man hadn't

paid a bit of attention to Aunt Sophia when she followed him about, muttering, "Sentimental nonsense!"

THAT same night when Richard was in bed, Uncle Peter's voice had come out of the box, saying, "Shut your eyes tight, Pal, and listen." Then Uncle Peter had played the piano. It reminded him of the things he heard in the park, only the singing of the birds and the whispering of the wind in the trees and the fountain spraying on the lake all ran together. Then Uncle Peter's voice told him about the pretend-mother who was waiting for him. Uncle Peter said that she was beautiful and that she wore real flowers in her dark hair.

After that, Uncle Peter's piano played for him almost every night. It was a great deal like having a real mother, Richard thought.

When he came out of the park he hesitated at the street curb as he measured the width of the muddy water rushing along the gutter against the shortness of his legs. Aunt Sophia would be angry if his socks got wet. He bent his knees for a jump, and then stood suddenly erect as he heard the familiar sound of his Uncle Peter's special way of honking a horn.

A car nosed against the curb, and he saw his Uncle Peter's crisp, dark hair as he leaned his head out the window, then opened the door. "May-be I should teach you to swim, Pal!"

Richard looked down at his damp mackinaw.

"I'm already pretty wet," he said. "Aunt Sophia won't like it."

"She had company when I left," said Uncle Peter. "Maybe she won't notice."

Richard hoped his uncle was right. When the car stopped in front of their primly respectable old three-story house, Richard jumped out and waved a sober good-by to his uncle. "See you later, Pal!" said Uncle Peter kindly.

When the car was out of sight Richard followed the cement walk that circled the house to the rear screen porch door.

It was locked. He remembered Aunt Sophia had locked it to keep Char-magne, the cat, in.

For a moment he stood undecided, then experimentally poked his finger through a hole in the screen. His finger was too short, and he looked about the damp lawn for a more likely tool. Under an ancient tree he spotted a dried branch that had fallen and had been left lying on the ground. From this he broke a stout-looking piece. Inserting his improvised tool in the hole, he twisted it about until it seemed to hold beneath the latch. Then he pulled down. There was a mighty snap. He

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HOW EFFICIENT IS YOUR FAITH?

NOT long ago I was listening to an interesting sermon in which the minister said, "Many churchgoers are merely one-hour-a-week Christians."

That reminded me of a so-called "Efficiency Chart" I had once seen. It was developed in the first place to inspire greater efficiency in the use of buildings, machines and equipment in general. But it can also be applied to Christian living.

How does it work? Across the street are three huge buildings which cost many millions of dollars to build. The office hours are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and the companies using the buildings appear to be proud of those short hours. No work on week ends or holidays. A half-hour for lunch.

This means that $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours are utilized per day, or $37\frac{1}{2}$ hours per week. There are 168 hours in each week. Therefore, during $130\frac{1}{2}$ hours of each week these huge and expensive buildings are idle. The efficiency of the buildings is $37\frac{1}{2}$ divided by 168, or 0.223. All of which means that the efficiency of

those buildings, from the usage standpoint, adds up to only a bare 22.3 per cent.

Not very efficient, are they?

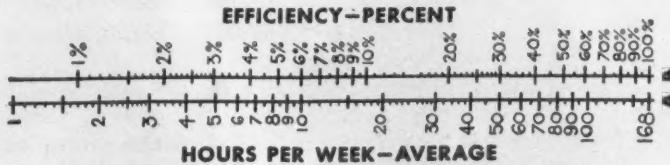
But, how about a churchgoer who is only a one-hour-a-week Christian? Dividing 1 by 168 we get 0.006, which means that the efficiency of such a Christian is only six-tenths of one per cent—not even ONE per cent!

Referring to the chart, the average number of hours of Christian living, whether in or out of church, are shown in column A. If the churchgoer averages 2 hours per week, his "faith efficiency" is 1.2 per cent as shown in column B directly across from the 2 in column A.

If your hours of Christian living are 10 hours per week in column A, column B shows that your "faith efficiency" is 6 per cent.

And so on.

To be a 100 per cent Christian it is necessary to be a Christian around the clock, in hours of rest and wakefulness, "on the ready" 168 hours every week, as the chart shows. —WILLIAM F. SCHAPHORST





Friends of the Inner Light

Helping to meet human needs the world over is the concern of today's Quaker

By T. E. MURPHY

QUAKERS tell the story of two of their members discussing the hereafter. Said one, "Doest thee believe that none but Quakers shall find their way to heaven?"

The other shook his head. "For so few it would hardly be worth the upkeep."

Although the Religious Society of Friends, known as the Quakers, is one of the smaller sects, its influence on human affairs has been out of proportion to its numbers. While at one time the Quakers were the third largest religious group in the United States, there are now about 119,000 in the United States and fewer than a quarter million in the whole world.

Many Americans who have never knowingly met a Quaker regard them as "quaint" people with funny wide hats or bonnets and a language interspersed with "thee's" and "thou's." Today there is little to distinguish most Quakers from others. Nearly all have abandoned plain clothes and plain talk. Nor do they any longer stubbornly refuse to doff their hats, as their founder George Fox did, in protest against the show of rank through what he called "hat worship."

While few know the Quakers, many know of their good works. Much less is known of the modern Quaker's philosophy, mode of life, religious beliefs. Other religions are based on dogma and ritual. The Religious Society of Friends is a fellowship of ideals, devoid of ritual and having within its loose framework many differences of opinion concerning religious matter. Some call it a fellowship

of seekers for light and truth. Although Quakers have no dogma or liturgy, they do receive "advices" and their books of discipline point out the way one should go, stressing love, truth, sincerity, simplicity and faithfulness.

The bedrock of this fellowship is the belief in a "light that enlightens every man" variously called the "spark of God" or the "inner light," and the conviction that God speaks directly to any man who will listen for the Voice. To this belief in the first-hand character of religion most Friends subscribe, as they do to the refusal to swear under oath, and to an unswerving devotion to the cause of pacifism.

The Quakers have suffered greatly because of their refusal to take an oath. Bumptious magistrates and others who were bothered by the plain-speaking Quakers used this as an excuse to have them thrown into prison. George Fox, who suffered several long jail terms, based this refusal on the words in the Sermon on the Mount, when Christ said, "Swear not at all." Other Friends point out that by swearing we are setting up two levels of truthfulness, one for special occasions. They say, "Let your aye mean aye."

FIENDS have made notably good merchants and businessmen. As George Fox pointed out, when the non-Quakers first viewed meetings they expressed fear that all would become charity wards. But, far from it, their honest dealings attracted business to Quaker tradesmen. "People know," said Fox proudly, "that even their children can be sent to the Quaker shop

and always be dealt with honestly."

Every descriptive statement of the Friends must be quickly qualified by the knowledge that there are nine separate societies in the United States, the differences among which reflect the highly individualistic natures of the Friends. Some, like the Primitive Quakers, numbering exactly nine members, adhere strictly to old forms. Others, like the Five Year Meeting, largest group in the United States, have largely adopted conventional religious services under a pastor, with sermons and hymns. The second largest, the General Conference, and some others, follow unprogramed meetings. Those who now have pastors say that "In a simpler day every man was a student of the Bible and a minister. Today many need pastoral leadership." But there is a minority group in the Five Year Meeting that sticks strictly to the silent, unprogramed meetings, without pastoral leadership.

THE belief that God speaks directly to the individual results in a multitude of good deeds, a proliferation of courageous missions. It also produces a state of mind that can be called either resolute or stubborn.

The Quakers retain their fundamental belief in the wrongness of war, but military service is now a matter of personal conscience and those who enter the military establishment are no longer disowned by the sect. In World War II three-fourths of the 12,000 Quakers called up served as combatants or as medics. Many of the other quarter, serving in camps for conscien-

tious objectors, volunteered for such special work as attendants in mental hospitals or as guinea pigs for medical experimentation.

The Quaker point of view toward war was expressed by Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, chairman of the American Friends Service Committee. "As men come to recognize the irrationality, irrelevance and immorality of war, they will come to see that no foreign nation is ever the enemy but that war itself is the enemy, and that the acquiescence of good men in it under the plea of a 'necessary evil' is their own honest yet tragic alliance with a greater and unnecessary evil."

Because a Quaker believes that God speaks directly to men as individuals, he feels a personal responsibility—a "concern" he calls it—to do what he sees should be done. He must do it himself, not do it merely by proxy or checkbook.

After Hiroshima was snuffed out by the atom bomb, a Seattle Quaker named Floyd Schmoe, a teacher of biology at the University of Washington, set about with his own hands to rebuild some Japanese family's home. (See "Houses for Hiroshima," November, 1953). "I felt fear for a civilization fallen so low," he explained—"a pained conscience that I, with all other men who had failed in their efforts to find a better way, shared responsibility for the unspeakable crime."

Schmoe's mission was so unusual that it took him until the summer of 1949 to get all official permissions cleared. But that first summer he and three friends, helped by Japanese student volunteers, built four houses and gave them to the city fathers of Hiroshima. In the next three summers he built and gave to Hiroshima and Nagasaki 25 more houses, plus two community halls and a laundry. He financed the project with his own money and subscriptions from friends. Quaker officialdom did no more than extend its "approval." The American Friends Service Committee offered him no funds, no advice. It was Mr. Schmoe's concern, his individual responsibility, his opportunity to bear testimony to the Christian way of life.

Because of their faith in the inner light in every man, Quakers hate no one, even a Communist. It was this faith that sparked a visitation to Adolph Hitler before World War II, and that led a group of seven British Quakers to visit the Kremlin three years ago. In their own words, this group talked to the Russians of "love, truth, sincerity and generosity; of freedom, of the value of the individual, however afflicted, mistaken or depraved; of Christianity as a way of life."

Quaker concerns, while they have

included some futile missions, have been the seeds from which have sprung major social reforms. Since they cannot do much by weight of numbers, Quakers conceive their most useful role to be that of pioneers, breaking ground, sowing seed. To use their own metaphor, they try to be "the leaven in the loaf." In the 17th century, Friends established the "one price" system when they refused to haggle over retail prices; they were convinced that there was a price fair to both parties and that it was "contrary to truth" to exploit bargaining positions. They pleaded for adequate wages for laborers in the 18th century and they were in the forefront fighting slavery. In the 19th century and after they were concerned with women's rights, the condition of prisons, popular education and enlightened industrial manage-

John Woolman, Quaker tailor of Mt. Holly, New Jersey, who devoted his life to freeing the slaves. Other Quakers set up the underground railroad for helping escaping slaves. The first law abolishing slavery was passed in Pennsylvania in 1780.

Friends' policy toward the Indians was exemplified by William Penn who lived in peace and amity with them. There were no uprisings, no scalpings, but a kind of love that begat love between Penn's colonists and the Indians.

Every Quaker child knows the latch-string story. A Quaker couple living in western Pennsylvania, hearing of an impending Indian raid, became infected by fear and drew in their raw-hide latchstring. Later, troubled at their lack of faith, they put out the latchstring. The Indians came, burned and scalped. But the house with the latchstring out was left untouched because the Indians said it was under the care of the Great Spirit.

In January 1870 a delegation of Friends led by Thomas Wistar, known to the Indians as Man-With-Tear-In-Eyes, met with President Grant to urge a more humane policy toward the Indians.

Grant said, "Your advice is good. Give me the names of Friends to be Indian agents. If you can make Friends of the Indians it will take all the fight out of them."

For eight years the work went forward. Schools were built and the Indians were taught improved ways to plough, plant and harvest. When Rutherford B. Hayes appointed a Commissioner unfriendly to the Quakers, that era of comity ended. The harvest was reaped in the uprising of Sitting Bull in 1887. The first Americans are still a prime concern among the Friends.

The formal organization of the Friends is very loose. Founder George Fox never held any official title. Each unit within the Society is autonomous and there is no officialdom as such. Although there are individual differences there is one common factor in the conduct of the business meeting. The presiding officer is the clerk who may introduce subjects of routine business. Other members may also bring up any matter they think should be considered. No vote is taken. The clerk's duty is to "gather the sense of the meeting" in an opinion on which all can agree. If there is disagreement, the matter is continued for further discussion. Fortunately the Quakers are patient.

Recently in one Connecticut city the erection of a new meeting house, sorely needed, was deferred because one member thought that such a structure

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What Do These Stones Mean?



TEXT: "When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean these stones? then ye shall let your children know . . ."—Joshua 4:21, 22

By RALPH CURRY WALKER

Minister, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City

THE bed of the Jordan River is deep at the point where this miracle took place. A jungle-like growth that borders the river varies from two hundred yards to a mile wide, giving evidence of the breadth of the harvest-time floods. Facing such a hazardous barrier, the Israelites needed to remember the words they had heard from their leader: "Be strong and of good courage. Observe God's laws. The Lord is with you!"

For three days they camped beside the stream, in sight of its swollen waters. Then they saw their priests reverently lift the Ark of the Covenant, bear it to the brink of the river, and stand still. Suddenly the miracle!

The barrier became a highway, and the dismayed inhabitants of Jericho saw 40,000 armed men, prepared for war, marching against their city. The entire camp of the Israelites, with its motley equipment, was within sight of Jericho's watchtowers. It was not long before the walls of Jericho fell and the city was taken.

So epic a miracle deserved proper commemoration. Joshua toured the twelve tribes and chose from each a man of sturdiness. At Joshua's command, the men selected went to the center of Jordan's channel, to the very spot where the priests had stood while the people passed over. Out of the sand and the silt they lifted twelve stones, set them on their shoulders, and marched with them to Gilgal, their campground on the plains of Jericho. There General Joshua had the stones set up as sacred memorials.

They were crude, ill-sorted stones; no monumental design, no engraved plaque to tell their story. But every informed Israelite of later generations could say to his children, "These pillar-like rocks may be rough and irregular, they are not marble, nor are they carven; but they stand for the miracle of Jordan, for the time when our ancestors demonstrated their faith, obeyed God, and passed over the dammed-up torrent without so much as wetting the soles of their feet. For

our God had dried up the waters until all our host had crossed. Mighty is the hand of the Lord!"

For many a year, doubtless, the meaning of those memorial stones stayed fresh in men's minds. But time slips away, and memories fade. New generations need to have old truths retold. So we can picture a day, many

son, passing by the same spot many years later. Only a few of the stones, disarranged, remain. Rubble hides some; others have been carried away. This lad's eyes are keen, too, and his mind curious.

But this uninstructed father could only say to his son, "Long ago I heard a legend about this place, but I have forgotten it. I do not know the meaning of these stones."

A pity, we are inclined to observe, until we have called to our attention some equally significant memorials that have disappeared almost completely from America's memory. To be sure, the Fourth of July we remember, though not always with proper reverence, but other days, other freedoms, other sacrifices, America has forgotten.

Not too many Americans remember on January 10 that the day was once celebrated as League of Nations Day. For a fateful period in the world's history, many people hoped and prayed for that League, whose "primary purpose . . . was to bring about a reduction of armaments in the interests of peace." In view of our rather widely accepted dependence upon the United Nations, we remember a bit sadly that the Covenant of the League was ratified by the European powers involved, but not by the United States.

February 5 passes by annually with only a tiny minority of Christian citizens recalling that on that day a young clergyman named Roger Williams landed on our shores from England. Yet Roger Williams has merited the tribute, "one of the most famous defenders of religious liberty in American history." Seventeen million Baptists share his spirit with all who cherish spiritual freedom and personal moral responsibility. It is appropriate to remember Roger Williams and our heritage of religious freedom on the day we remember our Declaration of political freedom.

Educational methods have changed, and new-style textbooks with their appealing covers and attractive pictures

(Continued on page 45)



years later, when a father and his son might be passing through Gilgal. The lad's quick eye sees that heap of stones, and he runs to inspect them.

"Father!" he shouts. "Are these old stones a monument or something? What do you suppose they mean?"

"Yes, my son, a true monument! God did a great thing for us here. Sit here and I'll tell you the story."

Now picture another father and his



No towering buildings here to shut out the warm, health-giving sun! And everywhere—friends to be had for a smile.

Cookouts and overnight camp-outs in the big woods in back of "Mont Lawn" are a part of the lore that all boys love.



"**I**F I had three wishes," said the little tenement boy wistfully, "I'd wish for a house in the country with lots of acres and I'd give it to my mother. Then I wouldn't need the other two wishes." He said it as he stood high on a hill at "Mont Lawn," the CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack-on-Hudson, and looked for the first time at a sight too big to see in one glance.

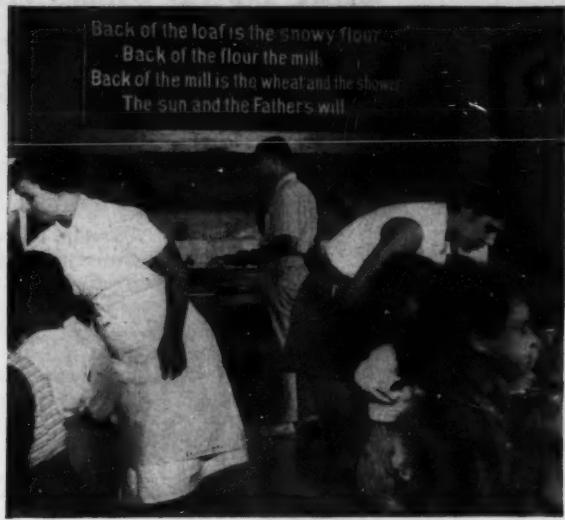
Some day, perhaps, his wish will come true. It could never come true if he had not discovered that God's world is wide and green and that it has more in it than tenements and city streets.

Beauty, friendliness, affection, faith—a child who knows so little of these finds them all at "Mont Lawn" and in abundance. From these he reshapes his wishes—and his life.





Learning to play together is part of "Mont Lawn's" therapy. Here, it's the favorite, "Peter Pan."



Always with the fun and the food, there is awareness that God is here and that He loves children.



What is more popular than "Fort Plenty," the large dining hall? And the choicest prize of all, (right) ringing the chapel bell!



Each two-week camper is a part of a small group, gets the close attention and love of the counselor.



And after a day of happiness—sleep, secure and undisturbed by brawling neighbors and city noises.

GRAMP AND THE GARDEN CLUB

(Continued from page 22)

away, the miserable buttons disappearing with him.

"Martha, this sure will be nice," Gramp said, as they set up the last of the tables and chairs on the lawn.

Martha nodded brightly. She could even hum a little tune. Everything was progressing so well. She prepared a hasty lunch, and then sent Karen and Jerry off to Ellen's house for the afternoon. Gramp stood around uncertainly. "Don't know whether I should go over to Perry's house or stay home and take a nap."

"Oh, take a nap, Gramp. You can go over to Mr. Perry's afterwards."

She felt a sudden rush of kindness and love for the old man. She decided to phone Tom. "Everything's under control." She laughed happily. "The rolls didn't burn, the chairs and tables are all set up, Gramp's taking a nap, Mr. Perry took the buttons."

She looked out the window so that she could see again the brightness and beauty of the garden. There were no clouds in the sky; the wind she had worried about was just a slight breeze that stirred the maple leaves gently. It was not even enough to ruffle the white linen cloths that she had spread on the tables.

The arrival of the Garden Club brought exclamations, trips to the windows to peer out, groups hurrying to the garden to utter lavish praise.

"Martha, that dahlia bed. Just look at those gorgeous blossoms."

"Your roses are perfect. Tell us how you do it."

A quick flash of memory reminded Martha of how the garden had looked before Gramp took over, and she suddenly realized that if it had not been for his efforts there might not have been an invitation to join the club. With a glow of pride, she said, "Give Gramp the credit. He's wonderful with growing things. Really, it's his garden."

As the afternoon progressed, Martha became aware that Mrs. Greenwald was leading an informal discussion on flowers. Martha didn't think about what this could lead to, until she heard her name called.

"Mrs. Engdahl, Mrs. Karding wants to know the names of the different roses you have here."

Martha felt stunned. She hated to admit to Ann Karding, of all people, that she could not identify by name one rose from another. She was about to stumble through an apology, when she saw Gramp on the back porch. She hurried over to him.

"Look, Gramp," she spoke in a loud whisper, "what varieties of roses do we have? I've got to know right away."

"Why, Martha honey, that's easy.

Remember, we've got *Anzac* and *Miss America*, and *Caprice*, and that dark one is *Bravo*. And *Masquerade*—"

"But which is which?"

"*Masquerade*'s the newest one, the one with several colors all at once, and . . ."

"Gramp, I'll never remember." Even if she could relay all this information correctly to the group waiting by the rose bed, there would be other questions galore. She could see herself becoming ridiculous in the eyes of the club members as she ran to Gramp with every question.

"Look, Gramp," she said, "you'd



Meditation

Father, let me place no blame
Upon Thee for sin's searing flame
That leaves its scar upon my heart;
Thou didst not from me depart—
My wayward self made shadows fall
And deafened me to Thy dear call.
Nothing but love hath Thou for me,
Help me be grateful, Lord, to Thee.

—Louis Ellsworth Jaeckel



better come down and tell them yourself. Will you?"

She did not have to coax him. In his opinion the Garden Club members were no different from any of the neighbors that dropped in all summer long to ask about his plants. She could hear his high quavering voice expounding on roses. "*Caprice* is this one, ma'am." No one, not even Ann Karding, could ask Gramp a question about his flowers that he could not answer.

"No, ma'am, that's not a *Reverend Pugh* dahlia. They're red. That bush over there with the red berries? That's a *Wayfaring Tree*. Purtiest shrub there ever was."

Martha was delighted to hear Ann Karding, of all people, say, "Gramp, why don't you be our guest speaker at the next meeting? At my house."

And Gramp's friendly, old-fashioned reply, "I'm no speaker, ma'am. But I'll be glad to drop around to talk about flowers."

It was a perfect picture, until Martha spied Mr. Perry. He was standing by the hedge, the button boxes under one arm, his free arm gesturing wildly. She could hear his loud, "Pssst! Hey, Gramp!"

Everything had been wonderful so

far. She was not going to let some old boxes of buttons spoil the afternoon. Mr. Perry's voice was louder now. "Gramp! Come here! I've brought back your buttons."

Before she could stop him, Martha saw Gramp turn and grin, and speed to Mr. Perry. She heard one of the women ask, "Does he collect buttons?" and Edith Roberts' answer in a voice that Martha was positive would have carried across forty acres. "Buttons! You should see Gramp's collection."

There was an audible gasp from the women — curiosity, delight — Martha could not tell which. She was furious at Mr. Perry, his unsuspecting nephew, and all button collectors in general. She had to do something quick, before the Garden Club meeting turned into a Button Bee and she and Gramp became objects of ridicule.

"Look," she said, trying to manage a gay smile, "Gramp has a fine collection. But suppose he shows you those buttons that are modeled after flowers." She wished now that she had paid more attention to Gramp's buttons, because she was relying only on vague memories of Gramp's prattling to Mr. Perry about blue-bells and old-fashioned bouquets.

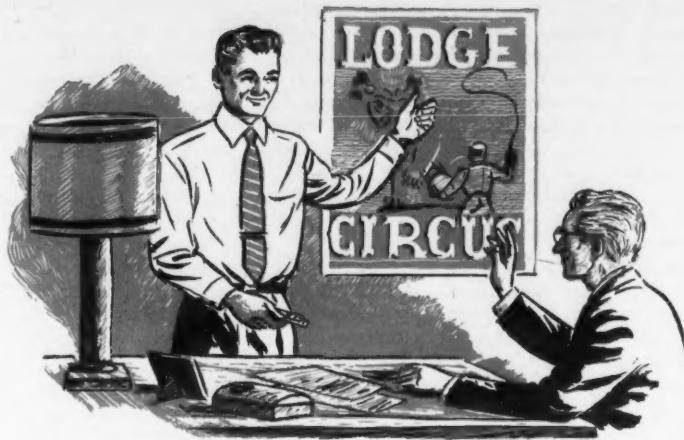
Gramp's look told her plainly, "I understand, Martha honey."

She lingered a few moments with the group, as Gramp selected a dainty button profuse with colors. "Here's the prettiest one of all. It's like an old-fashioned bouquet. Here's one looks like a water lily. Lots of early buttons were modeled after flowers."

Mrs. Greenwald was fingering a dainty blue button, resembling a cornflower, murmuring over the delicate artistry. Mrs. Jennings sat down at one of the tables, picking up button after button and holding each one against her ample navy blue bosom. Everyone was crowding around Gramp eagerly, and Edith Roberts was plying him with questions: "When did you start your collection, Gramp? What's your oldest button?"

Martha went inside to prepare the plates. Why the whole afternoon wouldn't have been anything without Gramp, she thought. He knew more than I did all along—that people are people every place, and interests are interests. Gramp had plenty to offer in return for friendship—sincerity, his easy understanding of people. A wave of shame rushed over her. How wrong she had been about him! She'd have to tell Tom.

She looked out at the swirl of color that was her garden, and the group of women gathered around a kindly, delightful old man. Something warm and wonderful was happening out there, and the very sight of it filled her heart with peace and contentment. THE END



The Man Who Wasn't There

By DON FONTAINE

GOOD MORNING, Mrs. Clark! Always so glad to see you in church. Believe me, we ministers certainly appreciate good faithful members like you."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith. Mighty fine sermon you preached this morning. I'm sorry Roger didn't hear it."

"Say, by the way, how is Roger? That husband of yours hasn't been in church for a month of Sundays. What's wrong? It was two seasons ago that he had that bout with the flu . . ."

"Yes, I know. Well, he's not sick. I'll admit that, but . . ."

"Then is he offended about something?"

"Well, I hardly know what to . . ."

"Now, Mrs. Clark, I want the truth. You can be frank with me. Roger has had these spells before. But it's always the same excuse. Last year, you'll remember, he told me he'd had too much church when he was a kid. Two years ago he said we had some hypocrites in the congregation. And then I haven't forgotten the time he complained about the music and the sermons. One was too loud and the other too long. That man's hard to please! What's the alibi this time?"

"Well, I really shouldn't tell you this, but Roger is offended because you didn't call on him when he had the flu."

"So that's it!"

"Yes, and to tell the truth, he thought the Men's Class should have sent him some flowers."

"Dreadful oversight, I shall certainly scold Mr. Ward."

"Oh, you mustn't do that, Mr. Smith! I think maybe I can get Roger out next

Sunday—that is, if I can pry him away from the television set. He says all his favorite programs seem to come on Sunday morning."

"And they come right during the sermon, don't they, Mrs. Clark? Quite an unfortunate coincidence."

"Yes, indeed. Now, if you don't mind the suggestion, I wish you would call on Roger. I believe it would do him good and we might get him out to church."

"I'll be glad to, Mrs. Clark. Maybe I can make it this afternoon. I'm working hard on our membership drive and I'll be going right out that direction."

* * *

HELLO, Roger! Thought I'd drop by and find out why I haven't seen you in church lately."

"Well . . . why . . . I tell you, Reverend, I've been pretty busy. You've probably heard that my chapter of the lodge is bringing a circus to the Fairgrounds next week. I'm chairman of ticket sales and that's been an awful lot of work. Haven't had much time for anything else. By the way, I sure want you to come. It's going to be a fine circus and we expect to make a lot of money for local charities. Say, come to think of it, I just happen to have a couple of tickets here for the Friday night performance, and I'm going to give them to you—compliments of the lodge. I sure hope you—"

"Friday night, did you say, Roger?"

"Sure. That ought to be a good night for you."

"Not Friday night. I never miss the
(Continued on page 47)

Jesus said:

"Whosoever shall give one of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward."



BLIND AND ALONE . . .

this Korean orphan wants his cup of cold water . . . He needs LIVING WATER. Both parents killed in the war, he was brought to the Taegu School for the Blind and Deaf . . . one of 200 homeless, forgotten, handicapped war-orphans.

But he made a great discovery! He is not forgotten. Someone cares. Taught to read braille, he is learning about the Light of the World. Fed and clothed in body, he is receiving Spiritual Food, too . . . and the Water of Life for his soul's thirst.

The Taegu School is among the Christian Schools and Homes for Blind children in 19 countries that *you can help* through the JOHN MILTON SOCIETY.

This Protestant world service to the blind also publishes the leading religious magazines for blind readers, in braille and talking book forms as a free gift to readers in more than 60 lands.

To help extend this ministry to blind children and adults, send your contribution with the coupon below.

John Milton Society for the Blind
160 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
(156 Fifth Avenue—before July 1)

In gratitude for my sight, I gladly enclose \$ to be used in your World Missions to the Blind.

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Address _____

CH

THE LOST CHRISTIANS OF THE CHINA COAST

(Continued from page 19)

exile on Puerto Rico. Some islands off the Atlantic Coast have been held. Chief of these is Staten Island. Enemy guns bristle along the Jersey Shore and fire upon the island from Manhattan and Long Island. Vast fanatical enemy armies are poised on the mainland, ready to attack. Yet Staten Island is not only held and all enemy attacks beaten off; it has been strengthened and built into a vast fortress.

With that comparison in mind one can understand conditions on Kin Men, my first stop. For Kin Men and many smaller islands are under frequent enemy artillery fire. The farmers, fishermen, soldiers and guerrillas who live on the islands never know when the enemy will attack. Supply is difficult; soldiers and guerrillas on isolated islands sometimes cannot be rotated for two or three years.

The islands are almost magnificent in their desolation. Wind-blown, treeless, black rock ridges alternate with red clay flats. Here and there, lovely beaches are tucked in between great cliffs. Everywhere one goes, there are pillboxes, trenches, lookout towers.

But in spite of difficulties, the islands have been held and strengthened. On Kin Men, where there was one school in 1949, there are fifty-three today. Magnificent road systems have been built; daily newspapers are published; agricultural experiment stations give help to the farmers and the soldier-farmers. There is dreadful crowding. A shortage of housing requires tens of thousands of soldiers and guerrillas to live in the homes of civilians.

My first days along the Coast were taken up with military matters, with a day's gunboat patrol from Kin Men, south toward Swatow, with visits to tiny guerrilla outposts such as Tung Ting. Then one day my quest for Christians began, when I asked Magistrate Chang Chow of Kin Men if there were any churches among the islands. I did not expect to find any and was surprised by the magistrate's prompt "Yes."

The next day I visited the church in Kin Men's principal city. It was located within a block of my own lodgings in an Army guest house. The pastor of the church was away in Formosa, I was able that day to talk only to his wife, using an interpreter since she spoke the Amoy dialect.

"Of what denomination is your church?" I asked.

The lady seemed confused. "I don't know what you mean," she replied. "We are just Christians here."

The furnishings in the church gave no clue to denomination. There were

rude, hand-made benches, a simple pulpit with a tiny wooden cross. In a corner was a stack of packing cases, filled with recently arrived Bibles—a gift of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

News travels fast on a guerrilla island. Two days later four young men called upon me. They addressed me, mistakenly, as "Reverend," and made a startling request. Would I preach the sermon the next day?

"But I am a newspaper man," I explained. "My father was a missionary here for many years, yes. But I can't preach. Even if I could, my Chinese is not good enough."

The young men, two in business, one



Book

a civil servant, the other an Army dental officer, explained that they heard that an American had visited their church and presumed that I must be a missionary. From them I heard the story of the Ho Pu Church.

The church I visited was built in 1924, established by English missionaries of the Church of England, now called the Church of Christ in China. Missionaries had last visited Kin Men in 1947. By 1949, when Kin Men was occupied by Nationalist troops in the retreat from the mainland, church membership had dwindled to fifty. Today the church has 350 members. Among the growing membership are men and women of four denominations, refugees from the mainland. Mr. Shih, leader of the group calling on me, was himself a Methodist from Foochow. Refugees from the Dutch Reformed churches of southern Fukien, the Methodist churches throughout the province, the Congregational churches in Changlo, Ingtai and far up the Min River, from Baptist congregations in Kwangtung Province—all had gravitated to the Ho Pu Church. There was good reason why the pastor's wife could not understand my talk of denomination!

There is only one ordained minister

on Kin Men Island. Yet the churches have grown in membership and influence, without help from the outside world. The little church I visited at Hsi Mei in the northern part of Kin Men is now considered a branch of the Ho Pu Church. Hsi Mei is within artillery range of the mainland. Here and there are the marks of heavy artillery—gaping holes in walls and roofs, watch towers pock-marked with shell holes. Thousands of guerrillas are stationed in the town, and the church is used as a guerrilla mess hall. Services are still held, simple services for the most part devoted to hymn singing, for the minister from Ho Pu is not able to visit Hsi Mei often.

Across the outer Amoy harbor from Kin Men is the island named Liehyu. Enemy batteries from Amoy can rake all sections of the island. In order to reach the most advance lookout posts, I had to crawl to avoid being seen by machine gunners across the waters. The Liehyu church is a lovely brick building with a white spire. But a direct hit by Communist artillery had removed the roof and gutted the interior. The Christians in Liehyu are few in number—between fifty and one hundred, the commanding general told me. They must worship in their homes now; they have no regular pastor.

"They are very earnest, fine people," General Wang said. The general, without knowing it, gave a clue to the importance of these "lost Christians" who have held to their faith in spite of difficulties and persecution. As I continued my hunt for churches and Christians, it became apparent that the Christian population was respected and had an importance out of proportion to its numbers.

For wherever and whenever I asked about Christians the answer was immediate. "Why, so and so is a Christian," or "There are such and such number of Christians on this island, that island."

On lonely, isolated Matsu Island are six Christian families, four Congregational and two Methodist. On White Dog are seven families, all Methodist refugees from the Haikang and Lung-tien districts of my father's parish. Among the thousands of soldiers and guerrillas are other Christians. Far to the North on the Ta-Chen islands there are two churches, without pastors and of origin and denomination I could not ascertain.

But the greatest tribute to Christianity along the China Coast came in a guerrilla general's headquarters. As my Chinese liaison officer and I sat and sipped tea, the General told of raids and battles, of hopes and plans. On the walls of his office was a chart, showing the population groups which could be counted upon whenever the

forces of Free China should be allowed to invade the mainland.

Very neatly done, the chart showed the number of the dispossessed, the guerrillas presently active in the mountains, the unemployed—but heading the list was the statement "450,000 Christians."

The statement was surprising for several reasons. As the General finished his briefing I said, "But, General, your figures are wrong. There are not that many Christians in Fukien Province, or even along the whole coast!"

"You are right as to actual church members," replied the General, "particularly now that so many have been liquidated, driven underground or are so watched and hounded that they are helpless. But we include the thousands who have studied at some time in missionary schools, the other thousands who have received treatment in American missionary hospitals. Most of these people we count also as our friends, and there are so many they cannot be located or persecuted."

Time and time again I was asked about the whereabouts of missionaries who had once lived and worked in Fukien. In a ten-minute ride in a sampan, from Matsu Island to the seaplane which was to carry me back to Formosa, the two boatmen talked only of Dr. Gillette, the Congregational medical missionary who had operated a hospital at Pagoda Anchorage for years. In my brief hours on Matsu I was asked about Dr. J. E. Skinner, for over fifty years active in a remarkable medical work; about the Congregational missionaries who had been stationed in Changlo, on the coast near Matsu Island.

One day on Kin Men a handsome guerrilla captain came to see me, asking for the American who spoke Foochow.

"You must be either the son of Mr. Caldwell or Mr. Hayes of Futsing," he said. "Few Americans can speak Foochow dialect as well as members of those families."

SONG HSI was his name; he had walked fifteen miles across the rugged hump of the island to see me. He had been graduated from the Ming Gnie Middle School in Futsing which my father founded with an initial gift of \$25,000 from the First Methodist Church of Des Moines. He had been a member of a rural church Father started on the Lungtien Peninsula. Captain Song is a member of a colony of 275 guerrilla families from the Futsing region, just settled on Kin Men. He told me of other Christians in the colony, but they had been moved from pillar to post so often that no organized religious life had been possible.

I would not exaggerate the numbers

of Christians I found. Among the 200,000 soldiers, guerrillas and civilians on the Free Chinese islands, I found five churches and one pastor. Unaffiliated Christians may number three or four thousand. I would like to, but cannot, say that I was able to get encouraging news of a vast revival among the Christians on the mainland. Many churches there have been forced to close their doors. Ming Gnie School in Futsing, like other missionary institutions, has been taken over by the Communists. But there are scores of underground congregations. There are still numbers of churches which operate openly. Among the Methodist churches in Fukien, more and more pastors, even the District Superintendents, are women—perhaps because the authorities are more loathe to terrorize women, or perhaps because much of the trained male leadership has been liquidated.

To me the exciting story is that there are even five churches among the islands; that there are even a few thousand professing Christians; that even military authorities consider the Christian population of extreme importance:

But most exciting of all is the tremendous potential, the opportunity that exists on Kin Men, Matsu, White Dog, Yushan and Ta-Chen. There are two hundred thousand Free Chinese living off the coasts of Fukien and Chekiang. There are hundreds of unaffiliated Christians, opportunities for educational, agricultural and medical work. Among the more than 100,000 regular troops and guerrillas there are Christians but no regular Christian work. Among the refugee populations, there are hundreds of Christians who need to know they do not stand alone.

There are problems of agriculture on the barren, overcrowded islands, which could be attacked by an agricultural missionary. Captain Song, the guerrilla who walked over the mountains to meet me, came not only to greet an old friend. There happened to be an agricultural group visiting Kin Men at the same time. He thought I might be a member of the group and he came to ask help.

His 275 guerrilla families arrived in Kin Men without seeds, without tools, hogs, cattle or poultry. His request was simply for hoes and plows, for seeds, for two oxen, so that the guerrilla families could begin to farm again. Captain Song's needs will in part be met by the Joint Commission on Rural Rehabilitation, that magnificent Sino-American organization that has done so much for the farmers of Formosa. JCRR, being bi-national, is the one outfit with American affiliations allowed to work in guerrilla-land. Officially, our

(Continued on page 47)

C. L. EVANS, who has helped thousands succeed, says . . .

FOUND! 160 NEW EASY WAYS TO MAKE UP TO \$50 \$75 \$100 AGAIN AND AGAIN

EXTRA MONEY

WITH NEW—NOVEL—DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS and ALL OCCASION GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS, HOME and GIFT ITEMS



New 3-Dimensional Assortment of sparkling stand-up Christmas Cards



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Imprint your address on the back of each card

sender's name Imprinted here

—says Mrs. Elaine Atchley

of Tyler, Texas

"I Sold \$33 Worth in Just 5½ Hours"

—says Mrs. Elaine Atchley

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Daily Meditations



by John W. McKelvey

Thursday, July 1

READ PSALM 100

I have seen God's hand thro' a life time, and all for the best.—ROBERT BROWNING

IN his remarkable little book, "Preaching the Gospel of the Resurrection," D. T. Niles drives home the vital point that "all that I have and am is God's. Men hold it as an axiom that their lives belong to themselves and that human history is at man's discretion; but . . . we know that this is God's world, that man is God's creation, and that human history is ultimately at God's disposal." It is not difficult to see this truth, if we will remember "the ways of God" with Moses, or with us.

Gracious God, direct us in the face of great privilege and responsibility. Clear our vision to see Thy ways. Amen.

Friday, July 2

READ EPHESIANS 6:13-18

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers were not answered.

—JEAN INGELOW

THERE is a Jewish saying to the effect that there are three ways to pray, each loftier than the preceding: prayer, crying and tears. "Prayer is made in silence; crying with raised voice; but there is no door through which tears do not pass." Perhaps this saying holds the secret of the times our praying has no effect. The tears need not be manifest outwardly, but surely there will be inward tears and agony if we pray as Jesus prayed, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

We thank Thee, O Father, that Thou dost ask us to turn in faith to Thee. Receive our humble petitions. Amen.

Saturday, July 3

READ PSALM 121

NO matter which way you go on this Fourth of July week end, whether to the hills or to the sea, the important thing is to seek to obey God and His righteousness. Certainly this is one time we as a nation ought to "lift up our eyes" and behold how God has watched over us in our going out and coming in from 1776, even from 1620, to this present time. It would be a stimulating devotional exercise if every American would ponder the imponderable fact of Divine Providence over the U.S., and give thanks.

Lord God of our fathers, be with us yet, lest we forget Thy mercies, Thy

precepts and Thy paths. Lead us in the days ahead as Thou hast so faithfully guided us in the past. Amen.

Sunday, July 4

READ ACTS 24:14-16

I owe obedience of the conscience to no mortal man.—WILLIAM PENN

IN his thought-provoking book, "Conscience and Compromise," Edward LeRoy Long, Jr., discusses frankly what happens when moral standards are corrupted. Then follows, for one thing, political dishonesty in high places. This assumes the form of campaigns designed to sway crowds "with smears and slogans rather than to argue issues . . . For normal and creative democratic living we need standards of fairness and honesty." We have seen enough of this need to cause us to dedicate ourselves anew that "this nation under God" shall not fail.

O Saviour, deliver us from evil and unrighteousness. Teach us equity and honor. Lead us in truth. Amen.

Monday, July 5

READ JOHN 6:26-29

Toil is the love of life and its best fruits.
—SIR LEWIS MORRIS

SOME time ago newspapers carried the story of how the daughter of the president of Switzerland performed the chores of a domestic while she was in England learning to speak English. It was news apparently because the common assumption among us is that some forms of labor are less honorable than others and a president's daughter was ignoring this assumption. After all, we will do well to remember that "all labor ranks the same with God; there is no first nor last."

O Master, help us to labor faithfully and diligently in the tasks to which we have been assigned. Amen.

Tuesday, July 6

READ PHILIPPIANS 3:13-16

The secret of success is constancy in purpose.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI

FASCINATING reading for these summer days is "The Conquest of Everest" by Sir John Hunt. In giving the background to the successful British expedition which reached the summit on May 29, 1953, Sir John writes: "In mountaineering perhaps more than most other activities, it is a golden rule to press on, and on no account be dismayed by unfavorable

impressions—to rub your nose, as it were, against the obstacle." This is the secret of success in all worth-while undertakings.

Lord, who hast set us today amidst the perplexities of a changing world order, teach us to live in faith. Amen.

Wednesday, July 7

READ ISAIAH 52:1-4

THE Moscow radio reported recently that Soviet scientists had designed a sleep-producing machine which gives out a "faint rhythmic current" and which brings on deep slumber within a minute. It was stated further that the machine would be used to cure nervous disorders and "soothe the central nervous system." Of course, sleep is a necessity and no doubt such a machine would be welcome on the nights we tumble and toss. Most of us need, however, the means to keep awake—awake to opportunity, to God.

Father, forgive us when we grow listless toward Thee. Quicken us within, that we may feel Thy presence. Amen.

Thursday, July 8

READ MARK 9:38-41

Selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race.—WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

ALONG about now we are in for the recurrent heat waves of summer. No use complaining when it turns insufferably sticky and hot. One good thing to remember is the story of David, who, parched and weary in his conflict with the Philistines, longed for a "drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." Straightway three valiant men endangered their lives to fetch a drink, and David, on receiving it, poured it on the ground as to the Lord, mindful of values more precious than life itself.

Holy Saviour, we thank Thee for experiences that bring us to Thee and the unsearchable riches of life. Amen.

Friday, July 9

READ ISAIAH 11:4-9

WHAT is disturbing us now is not so much "wars and rumors of wars" as threats and yet greater threats of atomic annihilation. First the A-bomb, then the H-bomb, and now the cobalt bomb. The nuclear physicists are warning that the radiation resulting from a cobalt bomb would be so deadly that it would "destroy friend and foe alike." It is not too late

to apply the well-known injunction, "If you know these things, namely the spiritual secrets of peace, happy are you if you do them."

Holy Spirit, lead us in paths of peace and truth for righteousness' sake, and deliver us from destruction. Amen.

Saturday, July 10

READ LUKE 12:31-34

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—GEORGE McDONALD

LAST winter a man in Atlantic City was robbed of \$11,085 in bonds, never realizing they were missing until six months later when they were returned by the police. It indicates how we sometimes invest valuable resources in time and talent in treasures that corrode and vanish, never realizing until too late that "moth and rust hath corrupted, and thieves have broken in and stolen." The challenge is unchanged, to lay up "treasures above," for Heaven's award is fixed and priceless.

Father, help us to take today and cherish each fleeting moment as a golden opportunity to grow toward Thee. Amen.

Sunday, July 11

READ GENESIS 5:1, 2

HELEN KELLER tells in dramatic manner how she came upon the mystery of language. Her teacher took her to the well house where someone was drawing water. Miss Keller said, "My teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word 'water.' Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness . . . and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. Everything had a name." The mystery of God is often made plain in the same simple way.

We thank Thee, Dear Lord, that Thou art revealing the wonder of Thy love to us from moment to moment. Amen.

Monday, July 12

READ PSALM 124:1-4

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy prejudice.—C. C. COLTON

AN eight-year-old boy named David won the top grade for an essay on "My Pet." It was a masterpiece of brevity and a mirror of our times. It read, "My dog is named Mitzi. My dog is a good watchdog. My dog watches TV." An editor reporting the story asked what seemed to be the next pertinent question, "What channel does he like?" It makes a great deal of difference what channel you use when watching life's progress, whether it's the channel of things or the spirit.

Strong Son of God, guide us in reaching after high things and comfort us when our reach exceeds our grasp. Amen.

Tuesday, July 13

READ PSALM 19:12-14

LAST January California gave a full pardon and an apology to a man sent to prison for a jewel robbery he did not commit. Fortunately he had not been in

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prison more than three months when he was released, but even so his experience raises the question of the price of false accusation. Terrible as this ordeal may be, it is not to be compared with the compensation of a clear conscience. The price of truth and honor is always high, but worth it.

O Jesus, Friend and Saviour, sustain us in every time of need, especially when men persecute and despitefully use us. Deliver us from evil. Amen.

Wednesday, July 14

READ JOB 28:20-28

SCIENTISTS have put an electronic brain to work on an experiment in forecasting the weather on an "odds-on" basis: chances for rain—two to one; for an 80 degree temperature—five to four. The method is geared to a complex mathematical analysis of weather air pressures. It probably will prove as effective as the old-time forecasts of unofficial weather prophets. As everyone knows, there is a lot more to the weather than meets the eye. It behooves us to remember God who, after all, sends the rain.

Father, we bow down in humility and gratitude for Thy goodness and mercy. Grant us patience to live today in obedience to Thy precepts. Amen.

Thursday, July 15

READ REVELATION 21:10-13

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

IN THE dramatic story of "The Conquest of Everest" Sir John Hunt gives another incentive for climbing mountains. "To solve a problem which has long resisted the skill and persistence of others is an irresistible magnet in every sphere of human activity . . . The possibility of entering the unknown; the simple fact that it was the highest point on the world's surface—these things goaded us on." The same rule can be applied to countless riddles and problems in everyday life. To him that overcomes, to him the reward!

Master, who art Thyself the Way, the Truth, the Life, teach us to enter upon the adventure of discovery with unflagging zeal. Amen.

Friday, July 16

READ REVELATION 1:4-6

OUT IN Springfield, Ohio, there is a young man who is paid to wash the feet of birds. The company for which he works smears a sticky substance on building ledges to discourage birds from roosting. The birds become entangled in this substance and fall to the sidewalk. The young man captures the birds, washes and towels their feet. It is not a very glamorous assignment, but it symbolizes the kind of service to others that begets greatness. It reminds us of Him who once took a basin and towel.

Lord Jesus, whose holy work was doing good, grant us to serve one another in deed and in truth. Amen.

Saturday, July 17

READ ROMANS 8:12-17

The spirit of man grows in freedom; it withers in chains.—BERNARD M. BARUCH

LATELY there has been a great deal said about the relation between tobacco and cancer. A 2,759-man test by Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo indicated such a link. I wonder if this sinister relationship is as serious as the bondage tobacco places upon the people who have yielded to its usage. It is a dreadful thing to be a slave, and certainly the habit-forming characteristics of tobacco make miserable slaves of millions of people who wish that they were free.

Father, sustain us today in our effort to rise above temptation and low aim. Give us strength to keep ourselves free, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sunday, July 18

READ II CORINTHIANS 5:6-9

EARLY this year a most significant honor was tendered by the Mayor of New York to two young men who have scaled higher peaks than any previously reached. One, Sir Edmund Hillary, conquered Mt. Everest; the other, though totally blind since birth, attained a different kind of summit—a perfect score on a Board of Regents examination. It indicates that life is full of mountains other than geographic peaks which demand the best there is in us to surmount.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for the hard tasks and daily responsibilities which keep us fit for higher goals. Grant us courage for the upward climb. Amen.

Monday, July 19

READ JOB 38:36-41

God is everywhere, the God who framed mankind to be one great family.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

IT ISN'T hard to believe that God is acquainted with all our ways when you read about John Hvasta, the naturalized American who escaped a Czechoslovakian prison-camp. During twenty-one months he was delivered from his pursuers, then suddenly he appeared at the American Embassy at Prague, where he was granted political asylum. I daresay this man will witness gladly to the divine providence that kept him under the shadow of the Almighty. What he experienced is a token of God's promise to each of us.

Grant us faith, O God, to trust in Thy saving power. Teach us daily to seek Thy face and not to be afraid. Amen.

Tuesday, July 20

READ PSALM 25:8-13

IT IS a profound insight that God's judgment is always of persons and not simply of their actions. D. T. Niles in "Preaching the Gospel of the Resurrection" points out that in a court of law it is a deed which is being judged, whereas with God it is always the person. After all, our deeds are like fruit on a tree, the expression of that which is within. If the

fruit is bad it is the tree not the fruit that is condemned. "By their fruits" is an expression from which we can't escape.

Lord Jesus, we thank Thee for growing days that give us the opportunity to bear good fruit. Amen.

Wednesday, July 21

READ JOSHUA 1:5-8

Nothing is impossible to the willing heart.

—THOMAS HEYWOOD

THEY say there are two things inevitable in life, death and taxes. There is a third: failure. It need not be fatal, but failure is one way by which life is tried as silver is tried. Pity the man who can't accept failure and profit by it! Pity the young man who flunked a philosophy course and in consequence took a pistol and vented his anger by shooting his professor! Failure is never defeated by reprisal against others, but rather by taking courage and refusing to be cast down.

Lord Jesus, take from our hearts bitterness and envy. Teach us the secret of enduring joy and inner peace. Amen.

Thursday, July 22

READ LUKE 4:5-8

IN these days of reckless predictions about the use of the H-bomb, it will help to remind ourselves of Christ's temptation to yield to Satan and so receive power to rule the world. It may seem "a sure thing," if we seize our advantage and subjugate nations with the H-bomb. And yet if we know anything we know that the ancient axiom still applies, in modern paraphrase, "They that take the H-bomb will perish by the H-bomb." Christ resisted this temptation. So should we.

O Father, we thank Thee for Thy high plans for men, all men, including ourselves. Bless us in Jesus' name. Amen.

Friday, July 23

READ EZEKIEL 37:1-4

It is great to be great, but it is greater to be human.—WILL ROGERS

SOME time ago a collection of mastodon bones was uncovered by a power shovel dredging out a small lake at Vernon, N. J., and over night the owner of the property achieved both fame and a headache. So many people came to see the prehistoric bones that he found no time to work or rest. In short order he asked the state museum to come and take possession of both the bones and the problems that went with them. He in turn recovered tranquility and a measure of privacy, two priceless requisites of life.

Dear Lord, unsnarl our lines of outreach and direct our strivings that we may seek the enduring treasures. Amen.

Saturday, July 24

READ ISAIAH 6:9-13

NEVER forget the lure of great ideals. In "The Conquest of Everest" Sir John Hunt tells how he and his men were thrilled by the first glimpse of this mountain colossus. "Standing upon yet another ridge, we sighted Everest, distant but un-



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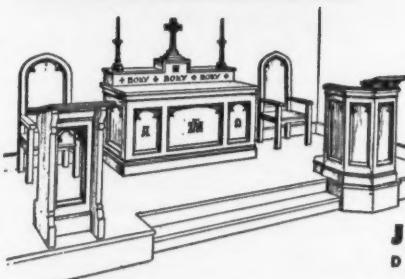
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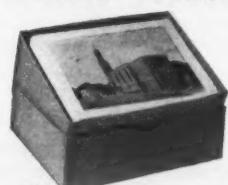
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Impart to us, Gracious Father, the unfailing light of Thy truth. Deliver us from evil. Amen.

Sunday, July 25

READ HEBREWS 11:1-4

Faith is not a sense, nor sight . . . but taking God at His word.—A. B. EVANS

A \$2,500 holdup took place not long ago in a New York apartment when two thugs pushed their way in and demanded, "All right, let's have the dough." Tony, a five-year-old boy, grabbed his toy plastic gun and began popping away, to no avail. Later, when Tony's father came home, Tony said, "I shot them, Pop. But they didn't die. They didn't even fall down." So often his experience is ours in the struggle with contrary and evil forces. Fear not, so long as God is with you!

Grant us faith, O Lord, to trust and not be afraid. Reveal Thy purposes through our tribulations. Amen.

Monday, July 26

READ ZECHARIAH 8:16, 17

WHEN police called at the home of a San Francisco man his wife said he wasn't at home. But their three-year-old Theodore knew different. "Daddy's in the front room," he proudly told the police. They went inside, only to find empty chairs and an unoccupied sofa. "Look under the sofa," little Ted shouted gleefully. And there was Papa underneath. The man said afterward, "That's all right. I've always told Ted to tell the truth." Precept is important and necessary, but example far better.

Save us, Master, from honoring Thee with our lips and sinning against Thee and our fellow men in our deeds. Amen.

Tuesday, July 27

READ EPHESIANS 1:7-12

THE American Red Cross blood donor chairman says that "every twenty seconds last year some hospital patient received a transfusion supplied by some American donor." This is an astounding statement both from the standpoint of the number of donors necessary to make so many transfusions possible and in the light of the recovery and health thus made possible to so many. It is suggestive of the unlimited scope and significance of our redemption "through the blood of Jesus Christ," given that we might have life.

O Saviour of the world, by Thy precious blood cleanse and transform us. Let Thy presence sustain and save us. Amen.

Wednesday, July 28

READ EXODUS 23:20-25

WHEN Sir John Hunt sums up the factors contributing to the successful ascent of Mt. Everest, he mentions first his in-

debtions "to all who had climbed on Everest before . . . The significance of all these other attempts is that, regardless of the height they reached, each one added to the mounting sum of experience . . . Seen in this light, other expeditions did not fail." How often such words as these fit our own lives, both in our seeming failures and in our great successes.

Holy Spirit, fill us with gratitude for all that we have received from others and make us eager to return love. Amen.

Thursday, July 29

READ LUKE 12:16-21

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

AN eleven-year-old boy made the headlines a year ago by buying a share of stock on the American Stock Exchange. His holding has since appreciated about 68 per cent and brought him 32½ cents in dividends. This young investor has become, in his father's words, "an excellent missionary for the company." Jesus undertook to say that something like this would happen if we would "lay up treasures in heaven." The principle involved is simple: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

O Jesus, grant that our hearts may be rooted in Thee and the riches of Thy kingdom. Be Thou our strength. Amen.

Friday, July 30

READ ROMANS 5:1-5

WHEN Dr. Elton Trueblood accepted the post of chief of religious policy for the Voice of America, he made some pertinent remarks: "We have in the western world the most thrilling set of ideas the world has ever known, if only we were awake enough to see it and brave enough to demonstrate it in every aspect of our daily life." His words ought to challenge us to new commitment and fresh devotion to the great biblical concepts of the supreme value of the individual and the invincible love of God.

O Lord, use us today to manifest Thy ways in the world. Deliver us from fear and temptation. Amen.

Saturday, July 31

READ HEBREWS 2:1-4

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—THOMAS MOORE

BISHOP Bradley of India had a son who, years ago, was preparing to serve as a missionary to India but suddenly became ill and died. "I was heartbroken," Bishop Bradley said, "for it seemed to me that the promise of my son's life was destroyed . . . But one night, a few days after my son's death, I dreamed that God spoke to me and said, 'I am using your son on this side.'" Surely here is the answer to the riddle of death: God in His only Son has willed life and joy and peace to them that believe.

Father, open our eyes to behold the glories of heaven's land and lead us by faith until we too shall enter in through the gates into the City. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS



THE ENVIOUS STONECUTTER

MANY years ago there was a stonecutter who was very discontented with his lot. He worked long and hard, and his wages were very low. He longed for a few luxuries for himself and his family.

"If only I were rich and had a soft couch to lie on with a curtain of red silk," sighed the unhappy man.

No sooner had he said this than his guardian angel appeared and said, "You shall have your wish."

The poor stonecutter was overjoyed to find himself rich and the owner of the kind of couch he had always secretly longed for.

He stretched out in comfort and contentment, but before long a fine procession came by. It was the King. Before the King rode his men at arms, and after the King rode more men at arms. Over the King's head a servant held a golden parasol.

So the stonecutter saw someone more lucky than he was, and it made him unhappy again, and angry.

He exclaimed, "I wish I were a king too, just as rich and powerful as that one."

And no sooner had he said this than his guardian angel again granted the stonecutter's wish.

"How wonderful to ride through the

country with my own men at arms, and to be protected by a golden sunshade," said the happy stonecutter-king.

But the sun became very hot, and even the golden sunshade didn't protect the new king from the hot rays.

Then the king became unhappy and said, "I wish I were the sun, who is more powerful than all."

Again the guardian angel waved her magic wand, and the king became the sun. Immediately he started to send his hot rays toward the earth. He burned the faces of all the people he saw. Surely, he thought, he was the most powerful being in the world.

Everything was fine until a cloud came along and got in his way. Where-

ever he turned the cloud was between him and the earth.

This made the sun very angry.

"How dare that cloud get in the way of the sun! He must be more powerful than I am. I wish I were a cloud!"

Once again his guardian angel made his wish possible, and the sun became a cloud. He sailed around and around, getting in the way of the sun and sending out rain. When he saw the effects of his rain on the earth he sent down more and more until there was a great flood. This was great fun! He washed away houses and people and everything in his path, all except one thing—a mighty rock.

No matter how much rain the cloud sent down the rock stood without moving. This made the cloud very angry indeed.

"Why that rock is more powerful than I, the mighty cloud. I wish I were a great rock."

Sure enough in a few minutes time the cloud became a great rock.

Everything was fine now, and the great rock was very content. But one day a stonecutter came along and began cutting the great rock with a chisel and breaking it with a hammer.

"How can that stonecutter do this to me? I am a mighty rock," said the great rock. "This stonecutter is more powerful than I am. If only I were a mighty stonecutter I would be happy."

Once more the man had his wish granted, and the great rock became a stonecutter.

His wages were no more than they had been before, and he worked just as hard. But he was contented. For was he not more powerful than even a mighty rock?—A Japanese legend, retold by Mrs. Isabel Williams

What Do YOU Think? SEND IN YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS

Who Was Surprised!

When I was about five years old, I used to have fun with Mother. I would ring the doorbell and then run off the porch before she could get to the door. Of course she soon caught on to my trick. Then, whenever I tried it again, she would call, "Come in, dear, I know you" or she would try to scare me.

One day when I was outside, a strange man rang the bell. Mother quietly went from her baking to her bedroom and put on a funny mask, and went to the door. When she saw who it was, she was embarrassed and her face got red.

—Janet Scarlett, age 10
Waukegan, Illinois

A Child's Prayer

We thank Thee, Lord, for night and day
And also for our work and play,
We thank Thee for the sun so true
And for the sky that is so blue.

—Marilyn Kay Busch, age 8
Murphysboro, Illinois

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FRIENDS OF THE INNER LIGHT

(Continued from page 30)

would be a concession to "creaturely" activity. It was not until he withdrew his objection, months later, that construction got under way.

Marriages and funerals among those who still follow the unprogrammed meeting, are simple affairs. In the former the man and woman make public pledges with no clergyman presiding.

In meetings there is a period of "settling down" for about 15 minutes. Then, as the spirit moves any member, he or she gets up and speaks what is in his mind. It may be a short comment on some current happening, an excerpt from the Bible, or an observation about social conditions. Often, the women have brought food, and in many meeting houses, Sunday dinner and a social hour follow.

When a member is found consistently to be irrelevant or rambling he is "eldered." That means a committee waits on him and gently suggests he mend his ways. In one more rigid period Quakers were "disowned" for many reasons, sometimes for marrying outside the Quaker faith. This is almost unknown now.

One of the more famous disownments came two centuries ago, when Stephen Hopkins, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Governor of Rhode Island, was disowned for not freeing a slave after the Society had taken a stand against slavery.

The majority of Quakers are in the United States; Quakers are influential in England, although they number less than 30,000. There is one large Quaker colony of 18,000 members in East Africa and another of 6000 members in Madagascar. The Friends attribute their slight growth in numbers to their respect for individual conscience and their unwillingness to "reach out" for new members. Because of their small numbers they frequently move into situations in order to get the ball rolling. In Philadelphia they started a self-help housing project. "We are not in the housing business but we are concerned with people."

The great Quaker of the 20th century, Rufus Jones, saw in World War I a tremendous opportunity for Friends to demonstrate the power of their philosophy of brotherhood. Some of his associates went literally from prison cells to the famine centers of Europe. The British Friends Council and the American counterpart, The American Friends Service Committee, are the modern instruments that have brought all Quakers together for common purposes and goals.

Financed in large part by non-Quakers, and staffed by many non-Quakers, the gray uniforms and black

and red stars of the AFSC have become familiar in every hungry country in the world.

In World War I they fought famine in Germany and Russia. As the Bolshevik revolutionary battle lines swayed back and forth, Friends, minding their own business of bringing succor, never knew from one day to another under which government they were working.

In World War II the work was even more extensive. Relief teams have worked in practically every war-torn country. This work still goes on and runs the gamut from a two-member team trying to find occupational niches for displaced Arabs, to full-scale relief in Italy and Germany and to a domestic science school in Greece.

The current range of American Quaker interests is as wide as the world and as deep as human pity can make it. It includes the shipment of thousands of tons of clothing and food to Koreans, Germans, Italians and Japanese. It includes work teams which are planting the seeds of self-help in small villages and towns of India. It includes work, education and relief in Mexico and San Salvador.

The genius of their work lies in its "person to person" character. In one recent report on relief in Italy it was said, "The great fault of post-war American aid is that it has been transmitted from government to government, but has failed to find its way to the imaginative and progressive individuals, the creative private agencies that need it and could use it." The Friends deal in persons, not "cases."

QUAKER sensitivity has been probing into industrial unrest. Intern courses—a combination of actual work experience in industry, group living and seminars—are given to acquaint young men and women with the tensions that now exist. Other Quaker teams are carrying on the traditional concern of Friends for the mentally ill. Last year 12 summer and two year-round projects in state mental hospitals sought to improve wages and working conditions for the employees and to raise the standards for care of the mentally ill.

Among their most valuable current activities, the Friends believe, are their summer work camps. In these, young people become temporarily part of a community. They live and work together to accomplish worth-while projects ranging from the building of a needed bridge in an Ozark community to reforestation and farm work. The objective is, by concerted, unselfish activity, to do some lasting good for that community, and to stir the young people themselves to new levels of

both moral and spiritual leadership. The dominating characteristic of these many auxiliary activities, whether it be integrating Arabs into the community of Israel, or raising the level of care in a Connecticut mental hospital, is concern for the individual who is honored in practice as well as theory by Friends. It is this concern for the person of a peasant in Mexico, San Salvador, India, Japan that is helping to promote the Quaker concept of the brotherhood of man.

THE philosophy behind this work was expressed by Elton Trueblood, recently appointed Chief of Religious Policy for the U. S. Information Agency: "We believe that ours is a world in which the living God is seeking to bring us, both individually and collectively, into a new life and we are guilty of inadequate faith if we rest content with anything less."

When the Friends Service Council and the American Friends Service Committee were jointly awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1947, the citation said: "We have seen a small group of people demonstrate in a practical way the spirit that does away with the occasion of war and shows that unselfishness and goodness exist, that there are people who do not discriminate between fellow countrymen and foreigners, between enemies and friends."

Consistent with these principles, the AFSC set aside its prize money for the purchase of streptomycin, and in July 1948 sent 4000 five-gram vials to the Russian people. The label said in Russian, "The streptomycin is sent with the good will and friendship of the American Friends Service Committee to promote the health of the people of Russia."

There is one simple story Quakers like to tell that illustrates graphically their position. It concerns a Vermont

Quaker visiting Tennessee in 1812. He met a recruiting general who said he was disgusted by the Quakers' refusal to bear arms.

The Quaker engaged in gentle debate and the general, quite won over, said finally, "If all the world was of your mind I would turn and follow after."

To which the Quaker replied, "So then, thou hast a mind to be the last man in the world to be good. I have a mind to be one of the first and set the rest a good example."

In no sphere do the Quakers feel that example is more sorely needed than in their testimony against war. The English Quaker statesman John Bright said once, "Nineteen of every 20 wars ought to have been avoided and were criminal in the highest degree." Rufus Jones has spoken of the Quaker's chance in war "to translate the love of God into terms of human service, so that we can fight, not with guns, not with bombs, but with the sword of the Spirit that is the Word of God."

The hope for a suspicious and angry world may well lie in the patient courage of the Friends. Many of them have borne abuse and imprisonment. Yet their faith, endurance and courage remain indestructible. Like tiny yeast cells the Friends continue to leaven the lump of humanity.

The slave is free now. Women vote now. The mentally ill are treated with more humanity. People of every race have had their pain eased, their hunger satisfied, by Friends.

Some day, the Quakers feel sure, the spark of God will shine forth brightly in every man, and the brutish institution of war will disappear from the earth. This they believe. This they work for. This, many Quakers are willing to die for.

"Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" THE END

WHAT DO THESE STONES MEAN?

(Continued from page 31)

have replaced the old, but America might well pay tribute, on September 23, to the birthday of William H. McGuffey, born in 1800, whose Eclectic Readers were sold to the total of 122,000,000 copies. In the schoolhouses of America these readers elevated the literary tastes of countless numbers of pupils, instructed them in true patriotism, and set before them the highest moral and spiritual ideals.

In the State of Oregon a meetinghouse, built in pioneer days, has stood for over a century. The plain modest structure is a monument to the piety of those brave people who were hewing their homes and their farms out of a wilderness. They worshiped in their

meetinghouse, were inspired by its very presence, and finally were buried in the little kirkyard, where stones from their own land marked their graves.

But with the passing of time and neglect, weeds and underbrush all but obliterated the once cherished markers. Then recently a group of Christian people, appreciating "the meaning of these stones," went to work to restore the church and to clean and repair the hallowed markers in the kirkyard. Today the little old pioneer meetinghouse is becoming a shrine, visited by an increasing number of people who are learning to appreciate and revere the spirit of those early Americans who, in faith, and love, erected a House of God



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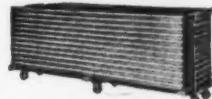
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Our most thoughtful historians agree that *religion has played the central role in determining America's destiny.*

Faith, faith in God, was the driving power behind the achievements of our founding forefathers. They acted upon fundamental convictions about the universe and the kind of life they must live if they would remain in harmony with the laws of God; those convictions gave them their staying power.

Without such religious faith, does any man ever give complete consecration to any cause? Will he accept poverty, make sacrifices for noble ends, stand steadfast in the face of oppression, or dare to launch out upon uncharted seas?

Truly our fathers builded monuments, even as they fought for freedom—monuments to their faith in God and in their own descendants, that, too, they would not "forsake the ancient landmarks."

Is America forgetting what these monuments mean? Are we placing our faith elsewhere?

What, for example, would some of our forefathers make of the fact that in our land as many as three million persons yearly purchase horoscopes; that the American people spend as much as \$200,000,000 annually on astrology?

Or what would the devout fathers and mothers of Old New Hampshire, who established a Fast Day for worship and prayer, think of the hedonism principle of personal pleasure which is apparently the motivating power in the lives of multitudes in our land today?

On a wide desert stretch in southeastern Nevada there has arisen, as if by magic, the gambling town of Las Vegas. A string of luxury hotels, usually crowded, outrival the modern hostilities of the world's greatest cities. Ultra gaudy electric lighting almost obliterates, or makes pale the stars. In Las Vegas the American night club contributes its most famous and highest paid performers. Gambling never ceases in Las Vegas. The very atmosphere seems epicurean, sensuous.

But even in Las Vegas there are monuments to better things. The Christians of this bewildering town cling to God, put their best strength into their churches, and their consecrated pastors make no compromise with the "pleasure industries."

The spires of the churches of Las Vegas, their fine new Bible-school buildings, the sound of their tower chimes, amplified to reach the gambling areas, must confront many a pleasure-seeker with the challenge, "What do these monuments mean?"

America once took pleasure in its holy days as well as its holidays, be-

cause they commemorated spiritual victories, as July Fourth commemorates a political victory. Thanksgiving Day was once celebrated with church services and family gatherings where fervent gratitude to the Divine Providence was expressed. But now for the many the symbols of Thanksgiving are not a family at prayer before a Christian feast, but a turkey, or a football. "Penn Plays Cornell on Turkey Day!" screams a headline in a metropolitan newspaper, reflecting a common sentiment toward this once sacred day.

Christmas Day was once a memorial of sacred joy, and the exchange of gifts reminded men of God's gift of His Son and of the love gifts laid at the manger



by the wise men from the East. Today, for large numbers of Americans, the symbols of Christmas are three Oriental figures riding after a star—a star which they never reach. The Christ-child is so completely crowded out of Christmas by commercialized advertising that one must wonder what meaning today's children manage to derive from the Star or the camels.

What is perhaps our most sacred day, the Lord's Day, has lost its meaning for multitudes of Americans. As the Sabbath commemorated for the Israelites the creation of the world, their deliverance from bondage in Egypt, and the gift of manna in the wilderness, so the Lord's Day served the early Christians as a reminder of the most stupendous event in all creation, the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Let Christian fathers and mothers in modern America teach their children the meaning of Sunday, the memorial of Christ's resurrection.

America's present power and greatness spring from the treasure-house of her past—from the character and achievements of her great men, her heroes and heroines, from the exemplars of high faith in God. On the very souls of patriots, as on anvils, were forged the events that our monuments and our holidays commemorate.

When our children stand beside Plymouth Rock and ask, "What does this stone mean?" we can answer

proudly, if we remember, "God did a great thing for us here!"

Those early Christians in America had suffered for their faith. They met and overcame the acid tests of loneliness, cold, disease and want. Their courage could not be crushed. If harvests failed, their faith did not. Their zeal was the ax that cut away the underbrush, their courage was the fire that burned it. They succeeded, not so much by what they *brought*, as by what they *were*. They reached a strange shore with an ax, a saw, a hammer, a gun, a Bible, a conscience. They established simple homes, started schools, erected churches, and by means of these three basic institutions, these small groups of brave people grew into the world's leading nation.

We memorialize Plymouth Rock, but even greater monuments to the valiant Pilgrims are these: the home, the school, the church, which are and always shall be the foundations of a true America; a faithful family life; educational opportunities; spiritual discipline and evangelical expression in the worship of God! When our children ask us "What does Plymouth Rock mean?" let Christian people tell them these things.

The Statue of Liberty is another memorial we cherish. To the eager eyes of how many hopeful immigrants have these stones meant freedom?

Robert Freeman saw that statue as he sailed into New York's harbor from Scotland, a lad of 14. He had one dollar in his pocket, no friends, no assets except a healthy body, a good mind, and a firm faith in God. But in this land of liberty he made his way, educated himself, and for years occupied the most influential pulpit in Pasadena, California. "To me," he wrote, "the greatest thing in this glorious land is not her cities, her railways, her harbors, her forest and rivers and mines and mountains, her vast resources, her banks and mighty commerce. I think the greatest thing in America is the opportunity she granted a poor immigrant boy like me for the development of life into a certain measure of Christian character, and for the doing of a worthy work for God and mankind!"

Let the rising generation be taught "the meaning of the stones" in memorials such as these: The Gettysburg monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial and many others, and foreign doctrines will make little headway in our land.

When, this "Clerious Fourth," we celebrate the political independence of America and remember the struggles of our forefathers for liberty and brotherhood, let us teach our children what this day means, not only in national patriotism, but in terms of God and all humanity as well.

THE END

THE LOST CHRISTIANS OF THE CHINA COAST

(Continued from page 37)

American policy is confined to the defense of Formosa. Help to the lonely ones at the guerrilla outposts might be construed as "offensive" by those of our Allies who have recognized the regime on the mainland.

But there is no policy which forbids the Christian Church to work again along the China Coast. Among the soldier and guerrilla contingents are men from every province in China. A Christian mission to the guerrillas would reach not only people from Fukien and Chekiang, but generals, privates and civilians from Hainan in the far south, from Szechuen, from far-away Manchuria. It was Tommy Hsu, the agricultural man who first told me of the islands, who expressed without knowing it the tremendous potential of a mission to the guerrillas. Using an old and earthy Chinese proverb, he told me why he thought Kin Men and the other islands are significant militarily and politically. The proverb goes like this: "Even though the sparrow is small, it has complete intestines."

Kin Men, with its 125 square miles of area, has many if not all the agricultural and health problems of the mainland. It has a population from twenty provinces. If the problems can be efficiently solved on Kin Men, on Ta-Chen or Matsu, the news will spread to the mainland, will strengthen the will to resist. If the mainland is wrested from Communist control, men from the guerrilla islands will be in the vanguard of the liberating forces and will take what they learned to the far corners of China.

The islands off the China Coast can be important spiritually, giving knowl-

edge to mainland Christians that they have not been forgotten. A mission to the guerrillas, emphasizing spiritual needs, working also with farmers and soldier-farmers, providing medical assistance, might become one of the greatest Christian investments this country ever made.

Matsu Island was my last stop along the China Coast. As the sea plane gained altitude for the trip back to the safety of Formosa, I could see many old landmarks. There was the mouth of the Min River, and Sharp Peak, where we once spent a summer near the sea shore. For a few precious minutes I saw the mountain peaks around Futsing. Standing out clearly in the sparkling blue sky was Kushan Peak and Kuliang, above Foochow.

I remembered suddenly the little missionary cemetery in Foochow, where scores of missionaries and missionary children lie buried. My own family is represented in that little plot, high on a hillside above the Min River. There are Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians there; some died over a century ago, others since the coming of the enemy.

I was proud once again, very proud, of my heritage, of the part my own family played in building the foundations of a Christian society in China. The sacrifices were not in vain. The men and women who died have left their mark. Those foundations, built at such a cost in suffering and sacrifice, with the offerings of hundreds of thousands of American Christians are still there, awaiting men and women of vision who will begin building again.

THE END

THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE

(Continued from page 35)

Bugbee Family on Friday night. Television, you know. All my favorite programs are on Friday night."

"That's too bad. Maybe you could come late."

"If I went, I'd go late anyway. Circuses are always too long to suit me. If the seats weren't so uncomfortable I wouldn't mind, but they're just as hard as the pews in church. I get restless. Besides, by going late I miss a lot of the music. Can't stand circus bands. Always too loud."

"Well, this circus is supposed to have a good band. They just got a new director and they say he's very good."

"Maybe so, but I don't think I'll go. I think I'll stay home and watch television. I had to go to circuses so much when I was a kid I sort of got fed up. For another thing, I'm sure there are a

lot of hypocrites in circuses. Those performers are always smiling at the public, and you know very well they don't mean it. And I haven't forgotten that the manager of this particular circus didn't call on me when he was in town last year. I wasn't feeling so well then; I thought the least he could have done was to send flowers—especially if he expected me to go to his circus.

"And of course, Roger, you realize I've been pretty busy lately. Been working on sort of a ticket campaign of my own—the membership drive down at the church. Don't have much time for anything else. By the way, how would you like a couple of free passes for next Sunday—and every Sunday thereafter?"

"You win, Reverend. Talked me into it. I'll be there." THE END

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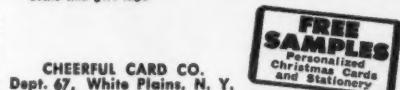
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SMALL BOY

(Continued from page 28)

could see that he had made the hole in the screen much too large. Aunt Sophia would call it "deliberate destructiveness"! He dare not risk a larger hole. He would have to go around to the front door.

He trudged worriedly around the house to the front. If that door was locked too Aunt Sophia would be cross at having to bother to let him in. She would also be more apt to notice his wet coat.

On the porch Richard carefully wiped his feet, then inspected them. They looked clean but he wiped them again to be sure. Aunt Sophia didn't like boys using the front door, even if they didn't make marks on the carpet. Turning the knob carefully, he pushed —then held his breath, as the heavy oak door swung noiselessly inward. He allowed himself just barely enough space to squeeze through and closed the door softly behind him.

Inside he could hear the voices of his aunt and a guest in the parlor off the foyer. The drapes were open between the two rooms, and he hesitated, unable to decide whether a quick dash or slow tiptoeing would attract the least attention.

"Will Peter take Richard with him?" Richard recognized the voice of Miss Mitchell, one of his aunt's friends.

He stepped back against the curtains, forgetting his immediate predicament. Was Uncle Peter going somewhere?

"I doubt very much if a woman of her caliber is going to saddle herself with a six-year-old boy!"

"Now, Sophia, you haven't even met the girl!" Miss Mitchell said.

"I don't need to! If she were the sort of girl I'd approve of, Peter would have introduced her!"

"Well, it's too bad, for Richard's sake. He'll miss his uncle. But it certainly is time Peter married."

Trembling, Richard clung to the curtain. Uncle Peter was going away! He was going away to be married—because it was time! Married to a girl with a strange thing called "caliber." He didn't know what caliber meant, except that ladies who had it wouldn't take six-year-old boys! He hadn't ever thought about having to do without Uncle Peter.

Richard let go of the curtain and pressed his hand against the tightness in his throat. Uncle Peter was leaving him! Horrified, he heard his own loud, uncontrolled wail, then the quick steps of his aunt walking toward him with angry determination. He covered his face with his hands and waited.

Aunt Sophia's voice was stern. "You have been eavesdropping, Richard!

Take your hands from your face and look at me!"

He could hear Miss Mitchell's footsteps coming too. He couldn't take his hands away.

"Richard! Do as you are told!"

He could feel the warning in the silence of her waiting. He took his hands away and looked at the floor, ashamed of his tears and of his distorted face.

"What were you doing here in the hall?" Aunt Sophia demanded.

His throat tightened. He covered his face again. Aunt Sophia's hard fingers closed over his wrists, jerking his arms down. She held them down as she repeated her question. He tried to tell her about the cat and the door.

She gave him an impatient shake.



A Focusing

Oh God, for many patient years
I've prayed for many things.
But now a focusing I've found;
This only in me sings:
May every day in every way
More joyously renew
The guided, blest fulfillment of
Companionship with You.

—Ethel Cosgrove Davidson



"What has a cat got to do with you sneaking in the hall?"

Between sobs he tried again. "The back door! You—locked it!"

"Oh." Temporarily nonplussed, she let go of his wrists.

Miss Mitchell intervened with an old friend's prerogative of reproach. "Sophia! Can't you see that the boy is disturbed by what we were saying?"

"Disturbed? Why should he be disturbed? I'm the one who takes the brunt of his care! Peter certainly doesn't do the cooking and washing and cleaning around here!"

Richard, forgotten in his aunt's defense of herself, stumbled blindly past them and made his way up the stairs to his room. He sat down and exhausted his sobs unrestricted. As he grew quieter, he lifted his face and looked out the window. There was a chance, he thought, that Uncle Peter was planning one of his surprises. That would explain his not introducing the lady to Aunt Sophia or telling anybody about her. Uncle Peter wouldn't just go away and leave him! He might be bringing the lady home for lunch that very noon, or if not at noon maybe for dinner.

With this heartening hope, Richard kept his place by the window so that

he would not miss his uncle and the lady when they came.

But Uncle Peter didn't return at noon. Richard ate his lunch without confiding his hopes to Aunt Sophia, then returned to his room and again took up his watch by the window.

He watched until the room grew dim, and the trees along the street were indistinct shadows. By the time his aunt called him to supper, he was not quite so certain. His food seemed to stick in his throat and Aunt Sophia's silence was accusing as she watched him turn and listen with strained expectancy to every passing motor.

When he was through eating he wandered slowly into Uncle Peter's studio. The room seemed empty and he couldn't get the feel of Uncle Peter like he usually did. Sitting at the piano, he tried to pick out the notes of the Bouncing Ball with one finger, but the single tones sounded only thin and lonely.

Quick hot tears stung his eyes. He had better go to bed, he thought, before his aunt found him crying!

In bed he shut his eyes and tried to see his pretend-mother. It didn't work though, without Uncle Peter's music. All he could see was the lady in the park who fed the swans. He could see her eyes shining, and hear her friendly voice saying things that she would say if they knew each other better. She would not have that "caliber" thing that Aunt Sophia had spoken of. She liked boys, and she liked him, because she called him by a nickname—Dicky. He wished that he could call her Babs, so that she would know how much he liked her.

He turned over on his side and yawned. If only somebody like Babs were the lady! Suddenly he sat up in bed, alert. Uncle Peter wasn't married yet, even if it was time, like Miss Mitchell had said. If Babs only knew about its being time for Uncle Peter to marry, *she* might want to marry him—if she knew! Tomorrow he would tell her! Then when Uncle Peter saw her, he would be glad he hadn't married somebody else!

Full of his purpose the following morning, Richard hurriedly dressed and raced down the hall to Uncle Peter's room. He stuck his head in the doorway just long enough to be assured of his uncle's presence, then darted off.

In the park, he had almost reached the bend in the path toward the lake, when he slowed down. He had to be sure of what he was going to say. He would just tell her right away about Uncle Peter, he decided. But she was very pretty. Suppose someone else had already found her?

As he came to the lake he saw her. She was wearing a yellow coat and

her dark hair fell forward as she leaned over toward the water. She was tossing bits of crumbs slowly, as if she were not thinking about what she was doing. She looked lonely, he thought. She wouldn't be lonely if she had Uncle Peter!

His heart lifted at the glad surprise he had in store for her.

She turned her head at the sound of his steps, as if she had been waiting. "Hello there," she said. "You didn't come yesterday."

"I came, but it started to rain," he explained. Then he paused. "I want to ask you something."

Her eyes were questioning. "What, Dicky?" she asked softly.

Richard savored the name. Nicknames were for people you liked. He took a deep breath. "Do you have a husband?"

Her eyes held him now, but it didn't make him feel as if he had done something wrong, the way Aunt Sophia's eyes did.

"No, I don't," she said.

"Would you like a good one?" He tried to say it as if he had a special treat in store, the way Uncle Peter did.

Her lips parted slightly and her eyes started to shine. "I certainly would!" she said.

He didn't like to ask her about the other thing, but he blurted it out. "Would you mind very much if you had to take a six-year-old boy with him—Babs?" There now, she would know how much he liked her!

Then Richard stared. There were tears in her eyes, and she was putting her head down. Why, she was crying! He stepped back dismayed.

"Don't cry! Please!" he begged. "You

don't have to take the boy if you don't really want him."

She lifted her head then, and held out her arms to him.

"Dicky, Dicky," she said, holding him close. "I want you all right! You just couldn't believe how much!"

Neither spoke for a moment. Then Richard looked up at Babs a bit anxiously. "I have to go and tell Uncle Peter about you. He's the one that would make you a good husband."

"I already know, Pal."

Richard turned with amazement at the voice. There stood Uncle Peter!

"Babs is the lady you heard Aunt Sophia talking about," Uncle Peter explained.

Richard's eyes danced. "It was going to be a surprise!" he cried. "Just like I thought!"

Babs kept one arm around Richard as she spoke. "Not altogether, Dicky. I've been waiting for you to like me for myself. That's why I've been coming to the park every day—hoping we would get to be friends."

Why, she had been waiting for him—just as he waited for his pretend-mother! Now he and Babs would laugh and walk together in the park! He nestled his nose closer to the lavender fragrance.

He said wonderingly, "Have you noticed, Uncle Peter, how much Babs looks like my pretend-mother?"

With his free hand, Uncle Peter mussed Richard's hair. "That's so, Pal! I wonder how it could have happened!"

Out of the corner of his eye Richard could see that Uncle Peter's other hand was holding Babs' hand. Richard guessed there was nothing more to worry about.

THE END

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

(Continued from page 6)

sure that he is just the man for us. He talks like a man who goes to church. You know, that makes a difference."

I thought to myself, "Here is a chance for me to find out whether it really does!" For he was a member of my own church.

During the weeks following, I watched the structure go up. I watched the builder in his relations with his men. I watched him at his work. I noticed the materials that went into the house. On one occasion, I saw him tear down and do over a bit of masonry that did not quite suit him.

When the cottage was finished, I was interested to know whether the buyer was still as satisfied as she had been at first.

"Yes, indeed," she said, and then she added, nodding her head with conviction, "You can tell. You can tell!"

I knew the builder's reputation

throughout the countryside. I felt somehow, that "going to church" was reflected in all he did. I'm certain that it made a difference in him.

I feel that any caller who doesn't know whether my neighbor Henry goes to church would soon find out. His years of attendance have left their stamp. He might not speak it unless the subject came up naturally, but almost any conversation easily veers around to some discussion of the church. His quiet manner and his friendly attitude, his love of beauty, birds and animals and everything in God's great out-of-doors, reflects an inner calm and poise that has grown steadily throughout the years. A man who doesn't go to church would never name his summer home, "Tranquility."

Yes! Church-going makes a difference! Or, shall I say, it *should* make a difference.

THE END



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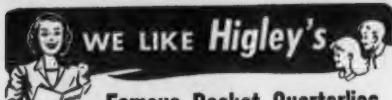
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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 9)

processes may be, upward growth also is essential. There are potential shade, potential fruit and potential beauty beneath the ground, but these potentials would be lost unless the tree grew upward into the light to form trunk and branches. Christians should be grace-full. The world has a right to expect to see signs of Christ-likeness in every Christian. Grumpy, selfish, proud, contentious Christians are no Christian witness for a waiting world. James wrote, "Faith without works is dead." The fact is that it is no faith at all. In the very nature of faith is power to work. Christians cannot be mere spectators while others die in the arena.

Upward growth is still but a part of the total growth above ground. Not only upward, to be seen of men, but outward to serve men, is the normal direction of Christian growth. Too many of us are quite willing to sing, "Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what Thou art." Certainly we need our hours of resting in Christ. But comfortable, cushioned seats in our churches are not the end of Christian experience. Church doors should swing both ways, in and out. Along with the joy of fellowship in worship is the resulting fellowship in work. "Are we growing as Christians?" It's a fair question. Are we knowing Christ better, loving Him more and serving Him more effectively today than we were yesterday?

Questions:

"Behaving" the Bible is as important as reading and understanding it. What means are available in your church for growing in understanding of Christian truth? Do you stress adult education in religion? What percentage of your church members are active participants in church work? Is it only the faithful few?

• Sunday, July 18

GROWING THROUGH BIBLE STUDY

ACTS 17:10, 11; I TIMOTHY 4:13-16;
II TIMOTHY 2:15; 3:14-17; HEBREWS 4:12

THE Bible is a means of grace. It is not an end in itself. It is a way through which God reveals Himself so that we can know Him. The whole purpose of the Bible is to reveal truth that man, by his own search, could not discover. One of Job's so-called friends asked, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The Revised Standard Version translates this: "Can you find out the deep things of God? Can you find out the limit of the Almighty?" It was a cynical challenge to Job's attempt to describe God's attitude toward him. But the question is universal and the

answer is a sharp, staccato "No!" The history of the world's religions shows this. The search after God without revelation always ends in a god made after man's image. Worse than that, the gods worshiped by millions reflect man at his worst.

The new surge of interest in religion in the Western world is a reaction against the humanism that resulted in two world wars. Only a few years ago we thought that by scientific discovery and invention we could solve the world's problems and usher in the dawn of a new age of peace and prosperity. Out of our disillusionment we are now experiencing a new respect for the Bible and the truth it reveals.

The Bible answers the vital questions men ask. The Bible centers in Christ, and we cannot know God unless we know Him in His Son. Nor can we know Christ without the Book that "tells the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Our growth as Christians depends directly on the place of the Bible in our affections and our interests. It must never be a fetish, a sort of household idol placed on a shelf, carefully dusted, acclaimed as inspired but seldom read.

Paul, a tentmaker, knew the need of tools and the skills to use them. To him the Bible was an essential tool. So he advised his spiritual son, Timothy, to study the Word. Timothy did not have the Bible as we know it. He had the Scriptures of the Jews. He had some writings, perhaps a written Gospel. Some of Paul's letters he had received personally; others he may have read. But he did have the oral testimony of many who were eyewitnesses of the great events in the life of Christ and who had heard with their own ears His great teaching. Certainly all this was in Paul's mind when he called on Timothy and all Christians to "search the Scriptures."

We have the complete Bible, translated in our language. We have our lesson helps, daily devotional books, sermons, articles in our church magazines and countless other aids for understanding the Bible. The danger is that we spend all our time reading about the Bible and neglect personal reading and study of it.

As a teacher of young men preparing for the ministry I have been greatly disturbed by the Bible ignorance of so many of the boys. They were not brought up, as I was, on Bible stories. How can they have attended Sunday school and church, even college courses in religion, and have so little factual knowledge of the Bible? I find it necessary to stop when I make a reference to some Bible character, to

find out whether my students can place him. Somewhere along the line our parents and our churches have failed in the program of education.

The living Word is revealed in the written Word. In the measure Jesus Christ becomes the center of our affection, our devotion, we will seek to know and understand Him better. Our eagerness for Bible study becomes an index to our consecration to Christ. If we do not love the Bible, we may well inquire whether we love the Christ revealed in the Bible. If we are to be good workmen in the Kingdom we must become skillful in the use of the one tool needed for building it.

Questions:

Anne Morrow Lindbergh once wrote: "Bible stories are so simple that they are like empty cups for people to fill with their own experience and drink for their own need over and over again through the years." Do we find ourselves, our life situations and problems in the Bible? Is the Bible as vital in 1954 as it was in Bible times?

• Sunday, July 25

GROWING THROUGH PRAYER AND MEDITATION

LUKE 11:1-13; PHILIPPIANS 4:6, 7;
I THESSALONIANS 5:16-18

A GREAT deal of emphasis is placed these days on the psychological value of prayer. Many books and sermons on prayer seem to suggest that meditation and prayer are good for us because in thinking through our desires and putting them into words we clarify our life purposes. Sometimes it seems that these advocates of prayer could do without a prayer-hearing God. The main advantage of prayer, they say, is what it can do "in the pray-er."

There is much truth to such a view. But it is not the Christian's supreme reason for praying. Christian prayer expresses itself to the God who is the Father of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It realizes the presence of God. It claims the promises of God in Christ. It shares the spirit of Jesus as He prayed, "not my will, but Thine be done." It accepts the purposes of Christ, to serve and save the world. It opens the door to God's throne for our heartfelt praise and thanksgiving. It becomes the channel of His grace.

"What is the use of praying when God knows what you want before you pray?" This is a question often asked. Beyond the personal values in prayer is the revealed will of God. Jesus, above all men, would have little reason to pray if prayer were only informing God of His desires. References to prayer are almost numberless in Paul's letters. James makes impressive the privilege of prayer for the sick. We

are invited to pray; we are commanded to pray.

Prayer is an evidence and expression of our faith, of our complete dependence on God. We need divine aid at every step in the pilgrimage of life. "Of ourselves we can do nothing." Communists argue that prayer is a sign of weakness. In one sense they are right. Prayer is a sign that we have no self-confidence, that our confidence is in Christ. But to discount our own wisdom and strength is not weakness. Prayer places all we are and all we can be under God's direction and care.

Paul makes prayer an antidote for anxiety. Anxiety means literally a divided mind. We are so possessed with fear. The development of the hydrogen bomb has not helped the mental state of the world. Thinking men see the problems that are created by scientific discovery and invention. Anxiety comes when we try to find our own solution without help from God. Prayer signifies trust in God's help.

Prayer rises out of a trustful heart. In one sense the poet described prayer when he wrote:

*"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."*

Yet there is danger in emphasizing the word "unexpressed." If that describes the mood out of which prayer grows, it is good. Prayer is a life, an attitude toward God. It is the upward look, lifting our eyes above the surrounding gloom to the Light of the World. There is far more faith in a Christian's heart than he can ever express. A little boy walking beside his dad with his hand in dad's big hand does not need to put his trust into words. But is the pressure of his son's hand all the father wants?

Out of a trusting relationship with God comes uttered prayer. Our loving Father wants us to put our thoughts into words. He wants us to trust Him to know and do what is best for us. We are to pray, believing. Believing what? That our wisdom is best? That prayer is a kind of magic by which we get what we want? Or believing God as revealed in Christ, trusting Him completely to do what is best? Prayer-faith is in Christ. Let us voice our desires to Him as He commands, then trust Him for the answer.

Questions:

Compare the two parables in Luke 11:5-13 and 18:1-8. These are "how much more" stories. If a lazy householder or a crooked judge will finally respond to importunate petitions, how much more will our Father-God respond to our prayers? The friend and the widow both knew what they wanted and did not weary in asking. What does this teach about prayer? There are prayers of thanksgiving, confess' on, adoration and intercession.

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ILLUSTRATOR: W. BOLIN

YOU CAN BUILD AN EFFECTIVE FLOAT

DECORATING a float is a project you probably never thought would come under the heading of church work. But increasing awareness of the importance of religion in daily life is resulting in invitations to churches to take part in community parades. It may be for a town's centennial celebration, Independence Day, Labor Day, the Christmas season—whenever a parade is in order.

Suppose someone said to you, "We'd like you to take charge of preparing

the float to represent our church in the parade." What would you do? Where would you start?

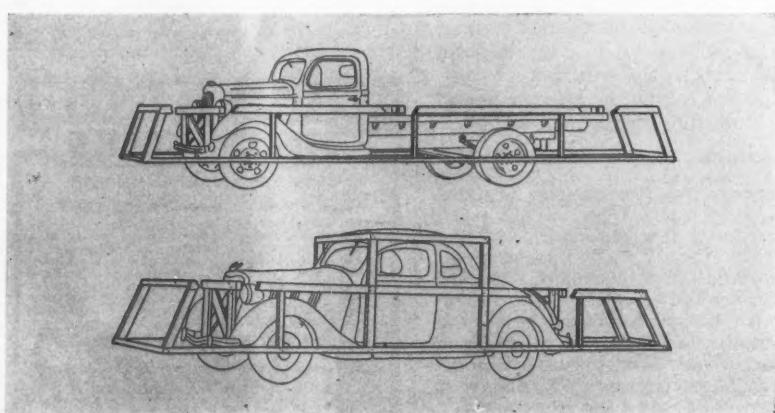
You'd start with the message, wouldn't you—the thought you want to put across? Perhaps the parade committee will propose a unifying theme for all floats and you will want to tie yours in with that idea. But if not, decide on a slogan yourself and think of good ways to dramatize it.

For instance, take the idea, "Bring Someone to Church Sunday." You

might build a church-shaped structure on your float with a real church bell that will ring as the float moves along. Going up the steps to the church might be a family—mother, father, son and daughter—extending a welcoming hand to another person coming to join them.

Suppose the occasion is an anniversary of your city. Divide your float in half with a center board. On one side draw a background scene of your church as it looked in 1854, and on the other a view of it as it is today. Your slogan may read, "Going to Church in 1854; Going to Church Today." Figures in costumes typical of the 1850's will be mounting the steps to the old church, and persons in modern dress stand before the new church.

A plea for foreign missions might be successfully tied in with an Independence Day parade. "Missionaries Pave the Way for Democracy," or "Preserve the Gains of Democracy in Foreign Lands Against the Inroads of Communism; Give Generously to Foreign Missions," are possible slogans. An African



Varied foundations for floats: chassis without cab (top of page), with cab (left, top sketch) and enclosed auto.

thatched hut constructed on a float would be strikingly different. Before it might sit a group of "natives" and a white missionary reading the Bible, while a figure wielding the hammer and sickle of the Soviet Union might indicate the threat of Communism hanging over Africa.

Another Independence Day float might be built around the tenet of religious freedom as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. For Labor Day there is the Golden Rule or the idea of world-wide brotherhood.

KEEM in mind the rule that live figures on a float give it life. And people like to recognize someone they know in a parade. One city's prize-winning Christmas float consisted simply of a slogan, a white cross and a complete children's choir seated in tiers and singing Christmas carols as they passed along. Another prize-winner was built like a crèche with all live figures, including a live donkey.

But perhaps the message and its dramatization seem easy in comparison with actually tackling the physical structure of a float. What are you going to build it *on*? What can you build it *with*?

To give you answers to this I sought out one of the few professional float makers in the country, Gilbert Bond of Paterson, N. J. I found him in a warehouse surrounded by the fascinating litter of past parades, row upon row of huge discarded floats, still gay with fluffy tissue paper. He explained they never dismantle a float until it is to be redecorated, because often parts can be used again. Here stands a float bearing a real-looking orange tree on a bed of imitation grass. It still smells of the perfume that was wafted into the air from it as it passed. Huge heads of pigs and rabbits grin from the top of another float, and in a corner stand ten-foot high red candles of papier-maché.

Mr. Bond's floats are all built on trailers. He uses low, extended farm wagons exclusively. These are easy to obtain in any rural community. Over them he builds a wide platform of heavy plywood, and plywood aprons to extend down to within 20 inches of the ground to partially cover the wheels. A tissue-paper fringe tacked to this covers the rest of the wheels, giving the desired effect of "floating." This fringe is 15 inches long, allowing an important margin of from three to five inches from the pavement—a safety precaution to prevent any contact with cast-off matches or cigarettes which might litter a street.

But floats can be built on almost any auto, truck or chassis, as well as on open trailers used for transporting large machinery or furniture. You will

SOCIAL of the MONTH

SHIPWRECK BEACH PARTY



FOR the Fourth of July here's an idea for a party that can be fun either on the beach or in a back yard. Decorations, if any, will have to be simple. Choose a paper tablecloth and napkins in Fourth of July colors and have some giant firecrackers filled with candy to set on the table. Have tiny American flags on hand to stick into ice cream cups or cup cakes. Red, white and blue bunting adds a decorative touch, too.

Let invitations read, "S.O.S. Please come to our shipwreck party . . . dressed as you were when the ship went down. Port: Martin's Beach; Landmark: King's Rock; Time: 2:30 p. m.; Date: Sat., 7/3."

If you are expert at a clam bake, this is the time to have one. Otherwise, plan on grilling the favorite hamburgers and frankfurters on open fires. Have plenty of relishes—tomato wedges, onion rings, carrot and celery sticks—for garnish, and bring along some good potato salads. Remember milk, coffee, and carbonized cold drinks.

Games should be planned to include all ages, if this is a family outing. For little tots set a large dish pan in a hole dug in the sand. Fill it with water and let them "catch fish" with toy poles and fish such as come in game boxes. Or make poles with a bent pin attached to the string, and fish made of corks with a paper clip partly straightened, pushed through the cork, and bent over on the other side. (Leave a loop on top to catch with hook.) Add a bright tail of plastic material.

Tie balloons to the backs of "in-betweens." Give each a rolled-up newspaper and let them swat at each other's balloons until all are broken. The last child with an unbroken balloon wins.

For teensters try some new relays. Give each player a paper bag, neatly folded. Bags should be uniform in size. Players must place bag under their right feet, then stand erect, with arms folded. At given signal, last player in line blows up bag and breaks it on the back of the player in front of him. The team finishing first wins.

For a candle relay, each team lines up and first man on each team is given a candle and a match. He must light the candle, race to the next person in line, keeping the candle lit as he runs. If it should go out, he must return to his starting position and light the candle again.

Try some "goofy golf" on the beach with crooked driftwood sticks for clubs, round stones for balls, holes dug in the sand. A game of "doodle" can be played in the sand. Have one person draw a double circle or some curved lines. The next person must use his imagination to add sufficient lines to make a picture out of the other's "doodles."

For the less active group, have seated at tables two "checker champions" who are ready and willing to take on all challengers.

be guided by the sort of vehicle available through individuals in your church. If you live near a large city, you may prefer to rent a float trailer from a float maker. Your Chamber of Commerce will furnish his name.

Take the measurements of the vehicle before drawing a design of your float. Also, check the line of march for the parade and know exactly the maximum height you can allow in order to clear every obstacle along the route. Remember electric wires, overhanging trees and traffic lights are all hazards. If your vehicle is not available until the night before the parade, you can still get everything ready, designed according to the correct measurements, and leave the assembling of parts for the last day. This may be necessary in

any case, since you probably will have no covering for the float in case of rain.

Professional float-making materials make an easier job of putting your float together, and may be purchased through Mr. Bond. Floral sheeting comes \$1.25 per square yard in 15 different colors, and is the material best suited to covering large areas of your float. It is a heavy paper thickly dotted with tiny tissue-paper blossoms. Tissue fringe, 15 inches long, comes in the same 15 colors and is sold for \$1 per 10-foot length. Festooning is used to give a finished border to the floral sheeting or to drape about your float. It comes in 30-foot rolls at 80c per roll. There are also 30 different colors of paper-backed metallic foil, which is effective when crushed and tacked in

place as you would the floral sheeting. Or you may use puffing silver available from a florist's supply house. Green grass mats may be rented from the float maker or some local supply house.

HERE are some useful tips from a professional float maker:

1. Floral sheeting should be tacked starting from the back of the float and working to the front. Each floral sheet should be lapped over about an inch. Top and bottom of the floral sheets are tacked to the float frame and center is pinned. (A stapler is best for all this.) When you have completed covering the float with floral sheeting, tack tissue fringe around the base of the float. Festooning is tacked around the edge of the float to outline its form and give a finished effect.

2. If you use a truck or chassis for your float instead of a trailer, box in the vehicle with a wooden framework, and build a platform on top, leaving a decorated hood in the place where the driver must be. The ends of such a box may be slanted downward at front and rear, or curved in a half-circle or quarter-circle. The frame should not come lower than the hub-caps of the wheels. For specific instructions on how to brace this box and what type of lumber to use write Gilbert Bond, 159 Pine St., Paterson, N. J., and ask for the leaflet, "It is Easy to Do Your Own Float Constructing."

3. To make aprons on the sides of your truck or trailer a framework of poultry wire or even cardboard cartons broken into straight sheets is easier and cheaper than plywood and satisfactory for one-time use. When this is covered with floral sheeting or other material, you won't be able to tell the difference.

4. Be sure to provide something to hold onto for the persons who must stand. Although three miles per hour is the maximum speed for a parade, an inexperienced driver may make sudden stops. Posts may be nailed into the floor, or straps inconspicuously attached to parts of the float to steady standees.

5. To make animals for a crèche, buildings or properties for your setting, construct a framework of poultry wire and cover it with papier maché. Floral sheeting can be used for this instead of papier maché but, although it does a quick job and is decorative, which is the main thing in a float, it is not as realistic as papier maché.

6. For an effect of bushes or shrubbery get green ruscus from any florist, and stick it into pieces of styrofoam or cork nailed to your float. A tree can be made realistic by using a real tree trunk, cutting it down, drilling holes

(Continued on page 56)

Needle News

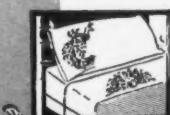
7390. Wear this as an apron or sundress! Belt cinches waist, opens flat for ironing. Tulip pocket. Sizes: Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Pattern pieces, transfer. STATE SIZE.

7390
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20

7143. IRON-ON peacocks in combination of blue, green, brown. No embroidery! Transfer of 6 washable designs; two $7\frac{1}{4}$ x 3; four $4\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 inches.

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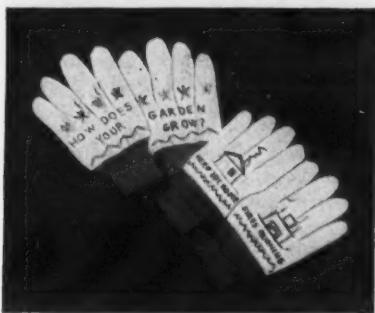


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PROJECTS THAT PAY



EMBROIDERED work gloves are quickly made and are a good novelty item for your next bazaar. All you need is a thirty-five cent pair of white cotton work gloves and some two-for-five embroidery floss in gay colors. Mrs. Betty Peckham, of York, Pa., sent us samples of some of these she has made. One pair is embroidered in simple lazy-daisy stitch flowers and the lettering, "How Does Your" on one glove and "Garden Grow?" cleverly finishing the phrase on the other.

Mrs. Peckham also designed another pair for use at indoor or outdoor fireplaces. On one glove is a house embroidered in outline stitch with smoke rising from the chimney and the words, "Keep the Home." On the other glove is a fireplace done in outline stitch, with the words, "Fires Burning."

You can make up other designs of your own, too. Perhaps you would like to add green thumbs to the garden gloves with textile paints.

Little doll beds are the specialty of one lady in Des Moines, Iowa. She makes them to earn her quota for her group. Using cigar boxes with lids removed, she glues on empty spools cut in half for the legs and clothes pins for the posters. The headboard she cuts out of the lid of the cigar box.

The whole bed is painted, usually white, and then a little mattress pad and pillow are added. She makes two sheets, a ruffled pillow slip and a colorful bedspread of chintz. It is such a charming toy for little girls that these beds sell faster than she can make them at \$1.25.

Orchid-like corsages made of discarded nylon stockings are something new for the bazaar, too. You can buy a kit that includes all the materials for making them, a sample corsage, and instructions for making them. It is called Orchid Kit No. 35 and may be ordered for \$1.98 postpaid from Flower Materials Co., 229 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 76, Chicago 4, Ill. Materials may also be purchased individually in any quantity. A catalogue is available from this same company on request.

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YOU CAN BUILD AN EFFECTIVE FLOAT

(Continued from page 54)

in it, and inserting the shortened limbs of the real tree here and there.

7. If you need a smoke effect on your float, use dry ice—realistic and completely safe.

8. Old sheets may be dyed bright colors and used for covering large surfaces. For a pretty effect glue them in place, crinkling the cloth.

Here's how one church built its first float: A group of 18 willing amateurs—churchmembers—were guided by the pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Paterson, N. J., Dr. Daniel Youngman, himself an able carpenter. From a moving concern they arranged to borrow an uncovered truck 28 feet long. Dr. Youngman took all measurements of the truck, then designed the float on paper. Everything was built according to measurements before the truck was available to work with. A book design was made to look like an open Bible with the message, "The Gift of God Is Eternal Life." The words, "The Church Points the Way" and "For Unto You Is Born This Day a Saviour" were lettered on panels in a border around the truck. A churchmember who is a commercial artist did the lettering. Dummy pipes were constructed for a real pipe organ to be placed on the float. These were made of textile tubing obtained from a textile manufacturer, graduated in size, and gilded. Everything else needed was made ready.

Late in the afternoon before the parade the trailer was left at the church. The committee for assembling the float had to work fast to be finished by 11 p.m. The idea presented was to show the relation between church and home. At the front of the float was set the pipe organ with the choir director and choir of 12 to 14 members singing carols. In the center was nailed in place a white pulpit with a gold cross. Before this stood the pastor himself in gown

and hood. Then came a group of six persons seated around a table—man, woman and children—representing a worship service in the family. At the back sat five persons representing the various functions of the church.

Straw was packed in the bottom of the truck to keep feet as warm as possible. Branches of pine trees hung over the sides of the truck covering the wheels. Crepe paper was wrapped around all wooden construction, covering braces that held up the Bible, etc.

Hawthorne Gospel Church outside Paterson, N. J., won first prize in another parade for a float that "best pictured the meaning of Christmas." They built a section of a house wall with a large picture window and peaked roof as a dividing line in the center of their float. One side of the window was decorated with draperies to indicate the inside of the house. Before the window was an ornamented Christmas tree. Father and mother sat in arm chairs and four children in bathrobes sat on footstools listening to the reading of the Bible. Christmas packages added to the effect. The other side of the window represented the outdoors with shingle walls. A lamp post and undecorated fir tree stood on a green grass lawn. Beside the tree stood carolers in outdoor garments singing Christmas carols. Young people from the church walked alongside the float carrying decorated trays suspended from their shoulders. From these they passed out Christmas literature to spectators on the street.

This church rents its float trailer each year and buys professional float decorating material from Mr. Bond. They figure on a cost of approximately \$200 per float, but consider it worth the cost as a missionary project.

Next time your community invites your church to participate in a parade, don't hesitate to join in!

Large Quantity Recipe File

JELLED VEGETABLE RING (for 50)

Unflavored gelatin	8 tablespoons
Cold water	2 cups
Hot water	3 cups
(or)	
Hot water	4 cups
Hot vegetable water	4 cups
Mild vinegar	2 cups

Lemon juice	1/2 cup
Sugar	2 cups
Salt	4 teaspoons
Cut celery	4 cups
Finely shredded cabbage	4 cups
Cooked peas	4 cups
Cucumber cubes	4 cups

Soften gelatin in cold water. Add hot water or hot water and hot vegetable water, vinegar, lemon juice, sugar and salt, and stir thoroughly. Cool mixture and when it begins to stiffen, add prepared vegetables. Turn into ring molds or in flat pans that have been rinsed with cold water. Chill. When firm, cut in individual servings and garnish with salad dressing.

—Courtesy *Knox Gelatine Co.*



THE SPICE OF LIFE

Honest Answer

A son in college was applying pressure for more money from home. He wrote his dad:

"I can't understand why you call yourself a kind father, when you haven't sent me a check for three weeks. What kind of kindness do you call that?"

His father replied immediately: "That's unremitting kindness."

Scarcity

A shoemaker was explaining to a complaining customer the reason for the poor quality of his soles. "All the good leather," he said, "is going into steaks."

Jungle Safari

An excited little girl was telling her friend about seeing a lion on her left, a tiger at her right, and several other wild beasts in front and back.

"Whatever did you do?" exclaimed the friend.

"Oh, the merry-go-round stopped and I got off." —*The Lookout*

Hope for the Best

Woman Passenger: "Are you quite sure this bus is going to Podunk?"

Driver: "If it isn't, lady, I'm in a worse mess than you are."

Bargain Manners

A tall, dignified man joined the crowd in front of a bargain counter in an attempt to get a very special pair of hose for his wife. He inched his way patiently, but was buffeted here and

there by the women, and made no progress.

Suddenly he lowered his head, stretched out his arms, and then barged through the crowd.

"Can't you act like a gentleman?" inquired a cold feminine voice at his elbow.

"I've been acting like a gentleman for the past hour," replied the man, still charging forward. "From now on I'm going to act like a lady."

Cure-all

The chief clerk at the bank came in sneezing loudly.

Said a fellow worker, "Your cold is worse than it was yesterday."

"Yes," replied the victim. "My wife tried a remedy she read in the newspaper, and now I'm suffering from a typographical error." —*The Lookout*

Enigma

He: "Why do you weep and snuffle at a movie over the imaginary woes of people you never met?"

She: "Same reason why you scream and yell when a man you don't know slides into second base."

Party Best

Little Mabel had behaved well while company was at her house recently. But when the guests left, Mother asked Mabel to help put things away. Very soon there was a lot of noise from the linen closet.

"Mabel," Mother said, "what's become of your good company manners?"

"I'm putting them away with the guest towels," came the reply.



"Don't eat it if you don't like it. Daddy will finish it for you!"

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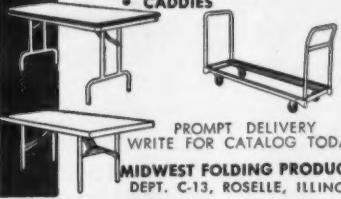
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THE New Books

Reviewed by **DANIEL A. POLING**

**PERSONAL SECURITY THROUGH
FAITH**, by Lowell Russell Ditzel (Holt,
244 pp., \$3).

One day when Lowell Ditzel was in college, listening with but half an ear to a lecturer, his mind caught one of the speaker's statements and held it fast. It was this: "Look for the people who are secure in mind and heart. When you find them, learn their secrets. What they can give you may be a pearl of greatest price!"

He made that the search of his life. And now, in this brilliant, absorbing and spirit-lifting book, he shares with us the pearls he has found. Its publication adds a fresh new voice to those too-few prophets of glad tidings gracing our times. The heavy thinkers have looked at our age and stamped it "The Age of Anxiety." Fear haunted. Jittery. Neurotic. Its song a dirge, a paean of pessimism. How refreshing it is, therefore, to open these pages and thereby tune out the minor key renditions of the pessimists.

Dr. Ditzel, though young as Protestantism's major prophets go, is rapidly becoming acknowledged as one of the successful ministers of America. As pastor of the Reformed Church in Bronxville, N. Y., he regularly draws congregations that pack his church to standing-room-only. Reading these pages, it's easy to see why.

The author's approach to his arresting topic is far from academic or preachy. His focus is not on world tensions, but yours. With flashes of gentle humor and with choice anecdotes drawn from wide reading and personal experience, he deals here with the kinds of insecurity that are as personal as a toothache. His book doesn't scoff at these anxieties. It acknowledges that our fears are real, but it points unerringly to a bigger Reality. It shows how you can erect within you an inner citadel strong enough to withstand any of the "outrageous slings and arrows" that fate, your own weaknesses or the devil himself can fling at you.

This is a book you need to read—and to share. You couldn't make a better contribution toward helping turn this "Age of Anxiety" into an "Age of Faith"!

THE MAN BEHIND THE MYTH, by Robert T. Oliver (Dodd Mead, 380 pp., \$5).

Syngman Rhee. What a man! This man I know and have known for 25 years walks down the congested halls of con-

temporary history as he lives on these pages. Maligned, traduced, vilified but with shoulders high above the bitter crowd. When you leave him on the last page of this splendid biography his face is in the sun. Surely those who came with stones, ashamed now, will drop their missiles and go away. Syngman Rhee is just about the only completely vindicated man in the whole sorry business of Korea; but always holding up his hands were MacArthur and Van Fleet, Walter Judd and Wedemeyer; yes, and there are others too. In his final chapter the author writes, "What Manner of Man . . . his very presence radiates the calm conviction of command, the assurance of knowing what he is about, the consciousness of being a leader and this he does with no strutting, no pretense . . . his basic humility derives from his deep spirituality. From his earliest manhood he has been convinced of the eternal justice and compassion of God and has found his greatest source of strength in prayer. Frequent solitary prayer has been for him not so much a solace as an unfailing stimulus to hopeful re-affirmation of his faith." What a man is this for such troubled times as these!

I PROTEST, by G. Bromley Oxnam (Harper, 186 pp., \$2.50).

On February 24th this year, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam said, as quoted in daily papers throughout the country, that Communism has "never reached the clergy." In a letter appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 1, 1954, the Bishop wrote, "the 'reds' never got the clergy."

This dynamic little volume proves conclusively that in these statements the Bishop is not correct. Communism did reach him, as it reached hundreds and thousands of other clergymen including the writer of this review. On page 41, the Bishop writes: "I have served as Chairman of the Massachusetts Council" (Council of American-Soviet Friendship). He, of course, particularizes his activities and makes clear the fact that he withdrew when he came to know the character of this Communist apparatus. But he was "reached." On page 157, the author comments upon my endorsement of "Behind Soviet Power," by Jerome Davis. His reference to me is generous and gracious, but he does not refer to my complete repudiation of that endorsement which appeared in a letter to *The New York*

Times on July 27, 1953, nine months before the publication of "I Protest." Finally the author of this volume refers to *The New York Times*' front page coverage of his statement before the Washington committee. In an editorial the *Times* had this to say about that same occasion: "In its clash with Bishop Oxnam the Un-American Activities Committee clearly came off second best." And this same editorial carries a sentence that is significant in the light of Bishop Oxnam's repeated insistence that Communism never "reached the clergy." This is the sentence: "Bishop Oxnam has undoubtedly lent his name to organizations from which he would have been better advised to have remained completely aloof."

In my opinion, "I Protest" is an over-protest at many points and a serious understatement at others. This book makes clear the fact that one non-Communist, Bishop Oxnam, for instance, persuaded to become the chairman of a Communist apparatus, was and could become again more valuable to Communism than a thousand card-bearing party members.

CELL 2455 DEATH ROW, by *Carol Chessman* (Prentice-Hall, 361 pp., \$3.95).

This review was written before the date set for its author's execution but it's quite possible that another stay may be granted. I have a growing antipathy for capital punishment but certainly if I have read aright what this self-confessed criminal writes about himself, then if any convicted man ever deserved the gas chamber, he does. For me, he makes the case abundantly clear. He has written brilliantly. He smashes many illusions, he indicts just about everyone including himself. He makes the case for prison study of our entire penal system but he does not make the case for himself, unless, of course, crime itself is to be condoned rather than condemned and solved.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA, from a Series of Articles from *The Commonwealth* (Harcourt-Brace & Co. 242 pp., \$3.75).

This is a different kind of book—"an open and courageous discussion of a situation" which is as George N. Schuster writes, "central from the point of view of speculation about the future of the United States." The editors of the distinguished Catholic journal *The Commonwealth* state frankly that these chapters reflect the opinion of the Catholic who knows that his church is the object of fear, suspicion, resentment . . . Two of the chapters are written by distinguished non-Catholics, a Protestant, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, and a Jew, Will Herberg. Here is the constructive statement of a matter increasingly serious and even ominous in the thinking of Americans.

WHICH WAY IS PROGRESS? by *G. Curtis Jones* (Bethany Press, 160 pp., \$2.50).

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New Books for Children

REVIEWED BY MARION W. FARQUHARSON

THE FOUR RIDERS, by Charlotte Krum. Illustrated by Katherine Evans. In this almost perfect first book for a little child, the old horse takes a duck, a goose and a turkey gobbler for a ride on his back. When the three refuse to make room for a little old man, the horse bucks them off. Repenting, they help the little old man to mount and the four ride off together. Though not in rhyme, each page of short simple text, with its folk-tale quality, ends with the refrain, "and the old horse trotted along, along, along, and the old horse trotted along." Attractive clear, soft pictures in lovely yellow's, brown's and gray's. For ages 2-6. (*Witcox and Follett*, \$2.)

HOW TO MAKE AN EARTHQUAKE, by Ruth Krauss. A very simple "what-to-do" book for pre-school children. Original in conception, though many of the ideas a child would think of for himself. Mama might prefer that he didn't think of a few of them. Amusing, cartoon-type illustrations. Ages 3-6. (*Harper and Bros.*, \$1.75.)

THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER, by Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Marcia Brown. An old tale in a lovely new dress. This most versatile of illustrators has caught the delicate, airy feeling of the Andersen story in this beautiful picture book for youngsters aged 6-8. (*Scribner*, \$2.25.)

THE GOLDEN BIBLE FOR CHILDREN: THE NEW TESTAMENT. Illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen. A large picture book with modern Scripture text and beautifully colored illustrations with a decidedly Oriental feeling. The rather sophisticated coloring and line will appeal to children above the primary grades. The selection of material is excellent, including the teachings of Jesus and Paul, as well as the stories. (*Simon and Schuster*, \$2.95.)

THE MAGIC PICTURES, by Marcel Ayme. In this translation from the French the story of "The Wonderful Farm" is continued. Delphine and Marinette get into mischief and their friends the animals help them out. New paint boxes cause a near disaster when the children paint the donkey with only two legs and the horse smaller than the cock. The next morning the animals are just as the children painted them, and their parents send for the veterinarian. The magic is fresh and original and the illustrations by Maurice Sendak are just right. Ages 8-11. (*Harper and Bros.*, \$2.50.)

THE HOUSE IN THE SEA, by W. H. Wood. In 1899 there were no lighthouses. The first plan for them was conceived by Mr. Henry Winstanley, a jolly, lovable old English gentleman who delighted in

using his inventive mind to play practical jokes. Mr. Winstanley is one of the main characters in this story of the building of the first lighthouse, of the mystery and danger following all those who had a part in the plans, of the villains who profited by wrecked ships, and of the boys who became Mr. Winstanley's friends and helped unravel the mystery. Excitement, violence and danger make a story to appeal to boys of 12 to 14. (*Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little, Brown and Co.*, \$3.)

HOUSE NEXT DOOR, by Vardine Moore and Fleur Conkling. Small girls don't always inherit their mother's talents, but they may have just as valuable gifts of their own. Julie Lawrence's mother is not too pleased about Julie's finding her happiness in learning sewing and designing from the next-door neighbor instead of in becoming an accomplished musician. Julie's abilities are recognized when she wins a sewing machine in the Junior contest.

An only child's contact with a big happy family of red-headed boys brings new excitement into Julie's life, and in spite of a few mild squabbles with 13-year-old Ted, the friendship of the two families develops in a satisfying way. For girls in the 10-14 group. (*The Westminster Press*, \$2.50.)

HOW TO MAKE A HOME NATURE MUSEUM. For the beginner of the more experienced young collector this book is a mine of information and ideas. Whether the available space is a few feet of wall area or a whole room, an interested child will learn how to fill it attractively and profitably. Collecting, mounting and displaying of all small types of nature exhibits are described and the fingers of the enthusiastic will itch to get started on his own idea. Such a book might mark the beginning of a valuable hobby for the 10-14-year-old boy or girl. (*Little, Brown and Co.*, (\$2.50.)

FREEDOM TRAIN, the story of *Harriet Tubman*, by Dorothy Sterling. As exciting and hair-raising an adventure story as a boy or girl could find is this true story of the woman who loved freedom so much that she risked her own life, time and time again to bring more than 300 slaves across the Maryland border into the free state of Pennsylvania, and eventually into Canada. "Moses" her people called her, and she herself spoke of "going down into Egypt to set her people free." Though Hildegard Swift's fine book, "The Railroad to Freedom" (*Harcourt, Brace and Co.*) was published in 1932, the story of Harriet Tubman is not as well known as it should be to American boys and girls. "Freedom Train" will introduce her to a slightly younger group, but will be enjoyed by all ages from 11 years up. (*Doubleday and Co.*, \$2.50.)

MIDNIGHT CONVERSATIONS

(Continued from page 26)

or even humor, is a spiritual muscle. If you don't exercise it, it becomes flabby, ugly and eventually it atrophies.

How often have I heard people speak with bitter prejudice against those of another color, race or creed—and have either kept cravenly silent or have merely tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. Why have I, again and again, committed this sin of omission? I too have had prejudices. But I've tried never to show them. And most of them I've succeeded in overcoming. But over and above this I have always known that however I might feel about a prejudice, it has always been my responsibility to argue against it. Yet—and here again is vanity—because I've always wanted to be liked, because of my fear and hatred of unpleasantness and argument, I have kept silent. This—which counts heavily against me—certainly cannot have enhanced my spirit, which, while invisible to me, is wholly visible to God. For as a man thinketh—and as he speaketh—so is he. Certainly as you sow, so shall you reap.

Thoughts and deeds often break through from the spiritual to the physical self. All of us know people whose physical appearance, however otherwise attractive, is marred by discontent, ill temper and selfishness. If these faults are so apparent on the surface, what must they be like deep in the souls of these people? Many of us have suddenly looked in a mirror and have been horrified to see upon our faces expressions which ill become us. But most of us have also learned how to conceal our internal havoc with an agreeable manner and a false front of radiance. So actually there are no mirrors which can be held up to the spirit.

I have said hundreds of times, "I've just washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it." But who ever says that he has just soaked his spirit in egotism, petulance and dishonesty, and now he can't do thing with it?

You know how it is when you have your photograph taken. You want it to look like you—but you also want it to flatter you. You want it to look the way you *hope* you look. I've had many a shock from seeing a candid picture of myself. I saw one just today. I knew it was a photograph of me, but I could hardly believe it—and I certainly didn't want to. Perhaps this is how I will feel when my spirit is revealed to me.

There is, however, one thing which remains—and for which I pray. If the physical self has been neglected for many years, there is no chance of concealing this neglect no matter how many beauty counters you shop at or how many exercises you take or diets you follow. They may help a little, but only

a little—for the main damage has been done. I fervently pray it will be otherwise with the spirit. It isn't easy to keep a guard over an unruly tongue, or to withhold hasty criticism, or to rise in defense of a moral or spiritual principle or to take up cudgels for a friend or stranger—especially when you haven't done these things in years, or perhaps have never done them. It isn't easy to switch suddenly from negative to positive thinking, and to begin consciously to shape your thoughts for truth and beauty. Yet persistence and attempts at self-discipline will eventually show in the spirit, however often these attempts may fail. If I am right, then when we take that first long look at what we, and we alone, have made of ourselves—for sorrows, circumstances and disappointments are not really valid excuses—then perhaps we won't be quite as shocked as we first feared. Reshaping ourselves may result in a lopsided sort of creation, and certainly it will be far from anything approaching perfection. But at least we shall have tried—and that will be counted for us. For the eternal Father is just. He knows our triumphs as well as our failures. He knows when we make the effort, even though we may not succeed. And always He is understanding.

AND so should we be understanding, in our human relationships. Recently someone told me that "judge not, that ye be not judged" suggested a dubious motive—a desire to be rewarded for being good—and that the line would be better translated if it read "judge not, for ye also are on trial." It is an idea I shall not soon forget. To be understanding is to be forgiving. One of the most rewarding sentences of the Lord's Prayer tells us that as we forgive others, so shall we be forgiven.

A word I dislike is tolerance. It carries an overtone of complacency and superiority. Instead of boasting, as we so often do, of being a "very tolerant person," I think it would be better if we merely tried to be understanding. Also, tolerance can be carried to a dangerous degree—to a degree where we lose sight of what is wrong and right. I believe there is a good warning against it in the words, "Hate the sin, but love the sinner."

I suppose love is the real answer. If we can love people, even those we don't know; if we can love and care for the spirit within us which is God; if we can love upreaching ideas wholeheartedly; and if, most importantly, we can find within ourselves the pure love of God, then we can, however awkwardly, succeed finally in reshaping our spirit in His image.

THE END

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Picture
of the Month

"The Cowboy"

HERE is an excellent documentary with all the absorbing interest of true narrative. Instead of cardboard heroes, villains, dance-hall girls and the deafening hysteria of trigger-happy rustlers, this terse, tight-lipped film shows exactly what cowboy life was in the old days, and what it is today. Several old-timers—"the youngest of which was 74 and the oldest wouldn't tell"—recall the dangerous days of the old Southwest "where the grass was belly high." The yarns of these eagle-eyed, leather-faced old veterans make for a quiet excitement which has been expertly caught by script-writer Lorraine Williams in such laconic lines as: "Them cows was walking North . . . the railroad was building West . . . and where they met . . . a town was starting . . . Austin . . . Laredo . . . Tascosa . . . Santa Fe . . . And only time would tell which towns died . . . which town grew . . . Good men . . . bad men . . . walking down the street . . . building up the country."

The Arizona, Texas and New Mexico which these men built up has been beautifully photographed in Eastman Color. And the life of the present-day ranch-



Real-life "cowpokes" are the stars in this absorbing documentary version of the story of the cowboy—his colorful heritage and his modern way of life.

hand—played by real cowboys untouched by Hollywood—is an achievement in realism. With his life centering around the range, the ranch and the bunkhouse, we hear the modern cowpoke sing his plaintive songs, and see him as he "rides fence," rounds up steers, brands calves and breaks man-killing broncos. And nowhere do we find a saloon. Instead of "getting calluses on his elbows from leaning on bars," today's cowboy finds his

recreation in Saturday-night square dances and the local rodeo.

Here is a film which, instead of screaming at the top of its lungs, merely talks out the side of its mouth as it looks you square in the eye. As a superb pictorialization of authentic Western life, past and present, this film deserves a high and permanent place in the archives of Americana. Produced by Elmo Williams. Presented by Lippert Pictures, Inc. **Family**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:
A—Adults; Y—Young People;
F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

★ **MAN WITH A MILLION** (J. A. Rank—United Artists release). This comedy of manners, based on a Mark Twain story, tells of the adventures of a penniless American in London who, becoming involved in a wager between two eccentric Englishmen, is handed a single million-pound note. From here the film takes off on a satirical spree to prove that a wealthy man doesn't have to spend his money—he merely has to have it. In short, credit conquers all. Laid against a background of the lavish Edwardian era, and flavored with romance and intrigue, this expertly directed, acted and musically scored comedy affords the most pleasurable entertainment. In Technicolor. **A, Y**

NIGHT PEOPLE (20th-Century Fox). A young U. S. soldier is kidnapped by Russian undercover men from the American sector in Berlin, and then held as a hostage to be exchanged for certain refugees whom the Americans are protecting. When the boy's influential father learns that the authorities are having trouble securing his son's release, he flies to Berlin with the high-handed intent of "showing our muddle-headed military how to deal with those people behind the Iron Curtain." He is promptly put in his place by a tough, blunt-spoken colonel who, through a series of grim episodes, shows the father that dealing with the Russians is not as simple as "stateside amateurs" think it is. After an exciting and deadly game of wits, in which the colonel has to risk his life by drinking a glass of poison, the boy is safely returned

to his command. There is some gambling and drinking, and a few situations of questionable morality. But the hard, fast-moving pace of the film keeps it a tense and ingeniously contrived story. **A, Y**

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST (Brandon Films, Inc., release). A dramatic story of a French cleric's heart-breaking search for spiritual victory. A young priest, fresh from the seminary, is sent to his first parish. Motivated by his compassion for human suffering, and the rectitude of his moral precepts, he engages in his ministry with fervor—but without joy. He is confronted by adolescent evil, adult immorality, and vicious gossip, which pours its acid into the raw wound of his bewilderment and misery. But he is encouraged by a country doctor and an old priest, who see the greatness of his spirit. Both the story and acting are excellent. English narrative. **A**

Film Ratings by the
**PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE
COUNCIL**

PRINCE VALIANT (20th-Century Fox). A flamboyant interpretation of the King Features Syndicate cartoon strip. In this melodrama of bold adventure, there is swift action against innumerable obstacles. Prince Valiant is part squire, and part "superman." His endless deeds of

heroism are prompted by loyalty, duty, love and courage. But there is some difficulty in associating the Arthurian pageantry with the colloquial speech of tabloid American English. Costumes, settings and scenic backgrounds are brilliantly presented in Technicolor CinemaScope. **F**

WITNESS TO MURDER (*United Artists*). This above-average crime melodrama is filled with a cat-and-mouse tension. From her window a woman sees a murder committed, and reports it to the police. When they find no evidence of the crime they suggest that she has merely had a bad dream. Undertaking the role of detective, the woman discovers the criminal—only to see him convince the authorities that she is insane and should be institutionalized. The overdrawn conclusion weakens what up to this point is a well-devised thriller. **A**

THE ROCKET MAN (*Panoramic Productions, 20th-Century Fox release*). This rather confusing comedy deals with the "outer space" concept and its effect on an over-imaginative boy. George Winslow is in an orphanage when he receives, from a "space cadet" visible only to himself, a magic gun which he is to use only for moral purposes. From here the story goes berserk. A sympathetic woman tries to handle young George understandingly, a mayor uses gambling to raise money for the orphanage, there is an implausible romantic development and some poorly redressed lying. An unbelievable story of a child living in a make-believe world. **A**

HELL BELOW ZERO (*Columbia*). This story of whaling in the Antarctic deals with the mysterious death at sea of a ship's captain. Although it appears to be a suicide, the captain's daughter suspects that her father has been murdered, and, with the aid of an adventurous American, she sets out to prove her suspicions. The result is desperate intrigue, murder and violent fistcuffs. **A, Y**

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (*Universal-International*). This slapstick farce, filled with far-fetched situations, is a fireman's nightmare. As the firemen of Station 12, Spike Jones and his "City Slickers" go on a clowning rampage. Warned that it will have difficulty finding a plot, the audience is spared the trouble of looking for it. **F**

MAKE HASTE TO LIVE (*Republic*). A suspenseful melodrama of revenge in which a woman marries a gangster and then spends the next nineteen years regretting it. Released from prison, the gangster—alternately charming and sinister—proceeds to threaten the good standing which his wife and daughter have achieved in a Western community. To protect her daughter, the wife is about to kill her husband when fate brings about a happier solution. Although there are many unethical elements in the story, it maintains interest and is fairly well acted. **A**

PLAYGIRL (*Universal-International*). An unsavory and explosive melodrama of a young Western girl who comes to

New York for a career and discovers that she is involved in a scandal and murder. As she flounders along in an underworld of criminals who live lavishly off their evil deeds, the young girl finds that a big city often hides its sordidness behind a facade of exciting grandeur. **A**

THE LONG WAIT (*United Artists*). A Mickey Spillane murder mystery which holds an unhealthy interest. A man is framed for robbery and murder. Through an accident he loses his memory and leaves his home town. He then returns, and, after being the target of much shooting, he reconstructs his frame-up and finally exposes the plotters. A sordid story, a sordid background, and a unique assemblage of objectionable people. **A**

LUCKY ME (*Warner*). A mild comedy with music which has to lean heavily on Doris Day's popularity for its appeal. It tells of the tribulations of a song-and-dance troupe—and how a bright and talented young girl manages to pull some friends out of an unhappy predicament. A frothy production, it is helped by colorful wardrobes and Floridian backgrounds. There is some slapstick, but no very exciting events. The shortcomings of this film are colorfully magnified by CinemaScope and WarnerColor. **A, Y**

LAUGHING ANNE (*Republic*). An exciting adventure story of Southeast Asia, of the people who settled there in the 1880's and of the tramp ships that plied the coastal waters. Based on a Joseph Conrad story, it tells of a girl cafe singer who flees from an abusive lover to take passage on a government ship. She falls in love with the captain, who, out of his loneliness, reciprocates her affection even though he is married. They eventually part—only to meet years later when she is instrumental in saving his life. The film has a somewhat confusing plot in which flashbacks obscure rather than illuminate the story. Much drinking and considerable brutality. In Technicolor. **A**

RIDING SHOTGUN (*Warner*). A familiar bang-bang western which stays close to the formula in which the hero is mistaken for an outlaw. With his trusty never-miss six-shooter, he eventually proves his sterling worth by running them ornery critters out of town. **A, Y**

DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER (*Universal-International*). Filled with studied and deliberate violence, this redskin-versus-white-man western develops an excitement which is almost too much to bear. Not for children. **A**

CORILLA AT LARGE (*Panoramic Productions, 20th Century-Fox release*). If you like your horror big and hairy, you'll enjoy this murder mystery which features a man-killing gorilla in 3-D. **A**

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE (*United Artists*). This story, which deals with the opening of the West, tells of a young frontiersman who, in an effort to establish a shorter route to California, leads a camel caravan across the great American desert. In Pthecolor and 3-D. **A, Y**

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BACK TALK



That Two-Way Street!

TO THE EDITORS:

RE YOUR AP RELEASE ON CONVERSION SUGGEST YOU HAVE BOYS WITH THE LONG WHITE COAT CONTACT YOU RE PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION AT ONCE.

Des Moines, Iowa J. W. HURLEY

. . . A lot of people, including the writer, sure were glad to read the report of the survey made by the *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. Protestants should realize that if they will but put a reasonable amount of effort into emphasizing the Protestant faith, they have enough to sell and talk about to make many converts.

Alliance, Ohio GEORGE F. SCHWEIKART

. . . Even if it were true that you had the quantity of converts, the Catholic Church would still have the quality.

Scranton, Pa. FRANK K. MAHER

. . . I gave up the Baptist faith for the Catholic faith 33 years ago. . . . I would rather die tonight than return to Protestant error.

Concord, N. H. CRADDOCK GOINS

. . . I cannot tell you how happy I am to learn that over four million Roman Catholics have joined the Protestant churches. You see, at one time our family was Roman Catholic. I cannot tell you what a wonderful transformation one Bible did for our family.

Rouleau, Sask., Can. DR. VERNIER RONDEAU

. . . I am of the same religion as you are, but I cannot help myself when I must call you a rotten liar. I have checked every Protestant church in Western Pennsylvania and found that none of them received your so-called questionnaires.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEORGE SPELVIN

. . . Please send me three copies of April's "Who Said Conversion Is a One-Way Street?" by Will Oursler. By the way, is he related to Fulton Oursler, the well-advertised convert to Romanism?

Boston, Mass. WILLIAM F. POTTER

• He is his son.

. . . For many years I have been looking for statistics such as in your article. Let us have more information along that line—for example, which denomination has the greatest number of inmates in penal institutions? Which the least?

Laurene Harbor, N. J. CHARLES R. ENGEL

. . . Are you quite correct in speaking of renegade Catholics as "converts" instead of "perverts"? There is no such thing as "inter-faith conversions" when

speaking of the passing of a Catholic from his home church, shutting out the light of his Faith, and there is only a one-way street for him, and that is downhill.

Brighton, Mass.

MISS HANNAH STEWART

. . . After reading it I began to count instances similar to those mentioned in our little town and could count 5 or 6 who had previously been Catholics but have turned. But no one has heralded this from the houses.

Floodwood, Minn.

MRS. N. Q. STAGEBERG

. . . You have rendered a great service to the cause of Jesus Christ and to Protestantism not only in this country, but in other parts of the world. Through my humble ministry for 57 years I have helped in a very small degree to lead hundreds of Catholics to accept the Lord Jesus Christ. During my ministry in Philadelphia, I have had the privilege of baptizing over 550 people of Italian background.

After reading your article I looked in my file and found a clipping of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of January 16, 1911, in which it is said that the Rev. Thomas Coakly of Pittsburgh, Secretary to Bishop Canevin, in a Catholic gathering in that city, said: "Today we have a round figure of 15 millions of Catholics in the United

States. If we had held steadfast all those who have landed on these shores, we would have at least 40 millions of Catholics. Where are those immigrant millions who came to us as Catholics? They have been lost to us by the hundreds of thousands, yea, by the millions! Truly this is one of the saddest pages in the history of the Catholic Church in America."

Havertown, Pa. ANGELO DI DOMENICA

. . . If we are doing a good job in our churches and drawing in unchurched people, it seems to me of little moment what their former religious association, if any, has been. If the Catholics are doing a good job in their churches, I wish them well.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ESTELLE CYPER

. . . All Catholics readily admit that there are some lax Catholics, who should be ashamed that they have fallen away from their faith. They should be on their knees thanking God that they are Roman Catholics, but God Almighty will reckon with them on the Last Judgment.

Ardmore, Pa. DONALD J. RIDDELL

. . . What you hoped to gain through such methods is quite difficult to evaluate in terms of Christianity.

Bala Cynwyd, Pa. A. F. HAAS

. . . When the true facts of Catholicism are known to the American people they will come over to the true faith in Christ by the millions bringing with them some of the backsliders that turned Protestant in the last decade. And don't be surprised to find among them many clergymen of the Protestant faith who have discovered the true theology of God.

Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, Can. DAVID SMITH

. . . Congratulations on your statistic story concerning Roman Catholicism.

Los Angeles, Calif. DR. JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

WE HAVE PROVED THIS MUCH—

"What Has Dr. Poling Proved?" was the title of a release from the Massachusetts Council of Churches, in which the Rev. Dr. Glen W. Trimble, Director of the Department of Research and Strategy, exhaustively criticized *CHRISTIAN HERALD*'s recent poll of Protestant ministers.

We "proved" exactly what we set out to discover! Namely, "Is 'conversion' a one-way street or do Roman Catholics become Protestants?" It is not, and they do! Whether the number of Catholics becoming Protestants in the past ten years is two million, four million or more is beside the point. But a more recent survey, made by the United Lutheran Church in America, contains the following paragraph: "Poling's survey of four accessions to Protestantism to every loss to Roman Catholicism is borne out by the United Lutheran Church in America survey [completed in April, 1954] which shows 8 to 2."

However I repeat that numbers are

incidental to the fact, now fully proved, that conversion is a two-way street. We hold with the Will Oursler conclusion, but Roman Catholic *America* said: "That many hundreds of thousands of them [losses from the Roman Catholic Church] might in some way identify themselves as Protestants . . . does not seem improbable." And the *Catholic Digest* said that, by its own 25-year survey, "1,434,000 Roman Catholics became Protestants."

But again and finally—figures are incidental to the fact, and having established the fact, from here on in *CHRISTIAN HERALD* is not interested in continuing the discussion. We have answered the reasonable question of our readership. We have served our Protestant faith. To debate and labor the matter would not advance American unity.

Amazing New Way ^{TO} A Slimmer Figure

REDUCE ^{WITH} DELICIOUS KELPIDINE CANDY PLAN!

**"WE GUARANTEE YOU
WILL LOSE UP TO
5 POUNDS IN 5 DAYS*
10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS*
15 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS*
25 POUNDS IN 25 DAYS*
AND KEEP IT OFF" * ***

*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly You Order and How Much You Are Overweight

**You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy—and Keep on the Plan—It KEEPS Weight Off!

**THIS CANDY MUST
TASTE AS GOOD AS
OR BETTER THAN
YOUR FAVORITE
CANDY OR YOUR
MONEY BACK!**

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your craving for high calorie foods! It keeps you from overeating—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to will power, cuts your craving for foods!

**NO DANGEROUS DRUGS!
NO HARSH DIETS!**

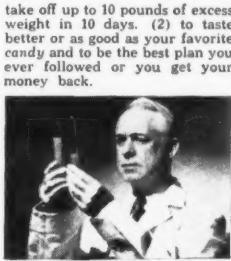
Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on tasty appetite satisfying candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

**YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU
DON'T REDUCE TO THE
WEIGHT THAT MOST
BECOMES YOU!**

Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to keep off fat! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the overpowering urge to overeat—to eat between meal-snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan. Almost like magic you begin to enjoy this plan for reducing.

**SENSATIONAL TWO-WAY
GUARANTEE!**

This sweet delicious Kelpidine Candy plan is guaranteed (1) to



**SCIENTIFICALLY AND
CLINICALLY TESTED!**

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

**HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE
AND STAY SLIM!**

Most people are fat because of overeating—too much high calorie fattening foods—to your amazement you will want to keep on eating this delicious candy even after you have reduced to the weight that most becomes you and you'll keep your weight off that way!

**AMAZING DISCOVERY
OF SCIENCE!**

The Kelpidine Candy plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat, it gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between meal snacks. It's so safe even a child

IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! Fat people die years sooner than people with normal weight! So be Safe! Be Fair to yourself! Start taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

can take it without bad effects. With Kelpidine Candy all you taste is its deliciousness—you can't tell the difference!

KELPIDINE CANDY IS DIFFERENT!

The amazing clinical tested and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors—Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the last word in Reducing.

DON'T CUT OUT FOODS** CUT DOWN ON CALORIES!

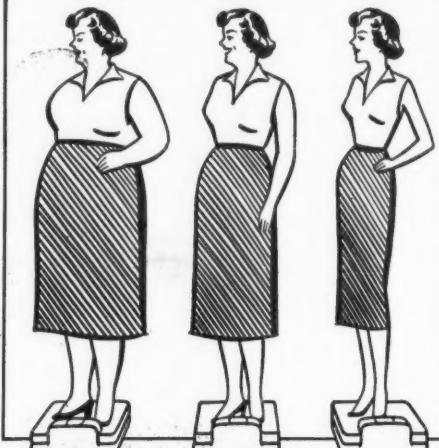
You never starve, you always feel full with Kelpidine Candy plan—You never suffer hunger pangs—Your desire for high calorie fattening foods is always satisfied! With Kelpidine Candy Plan you eat the same quantity of foods—you merely cut down on the high calorie rich foods with the help of Kelpidine Candy. You eat as much as you want, your calorie intake will be less—That's the delightful amazing thing!

YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!

Try the liberal supply of Kelpidine Candy Plan on our 10-day no risk offer. Keep a record of your weight—if you are not pleased with your loss of weight; if you can taste any difference between this candy and your favorite candy—return for refund. Just fill out coupon and mail to AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., DEPT. K-77, Candy Division, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—Don't delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight so mail coupon below now!



**THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!
WITH THIS DELICIOUS REDUCING CANDY PLAN!**

Let this delicious candy plan help you control your desire for fattening food! Let it help you put a stop to the habit of overeating—A habit that's so hard to break! Kelpidine candy contains that new discovery many doctors prescribe to help curb your desire to overeat (the main cause of overweight).

CUT OUT AND MAIL—NO RISK COUPON NOW!

**AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY, Dept. K-77
Candy Division,
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey**

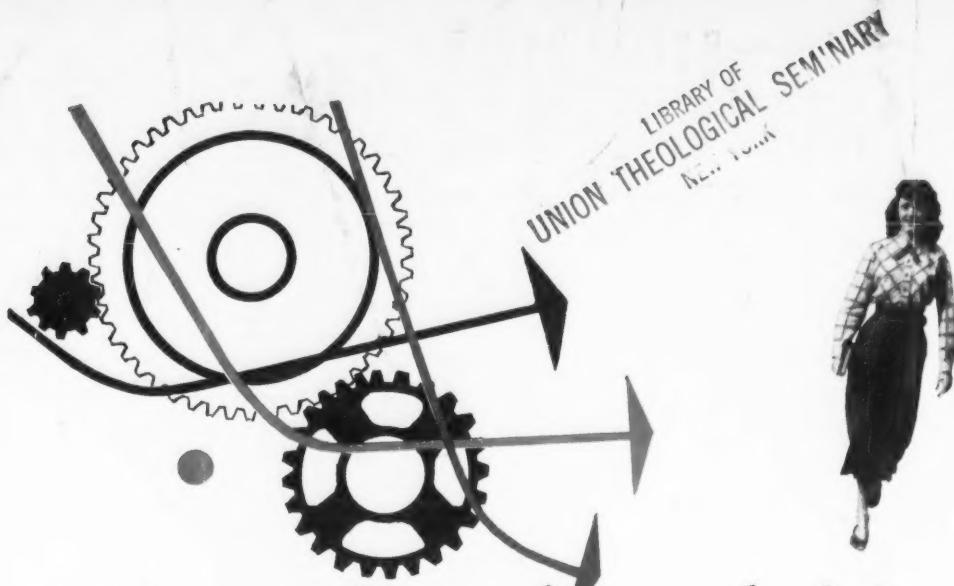
I enclose \$1.00, send trial sample size, postage pre-paid!
 Rush a Liberal Supply of Kelpidine Candy plan. I enclose \$3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)
 Rush a Large Economy Supply of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose \$5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90c postage by sending payment with order.)

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**\$1.00
TRIAL
SAMPLE
SIZE!**



Not to make a living, but to live!



THEY HAVE LEARNED HOW TO MEET
EMERGENCIES SUCCESSFULLY.

Bob Jones University believes that the purpose of education should not be primarily to train young people to make a living—they should be taught how to live.

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They know how to live.

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